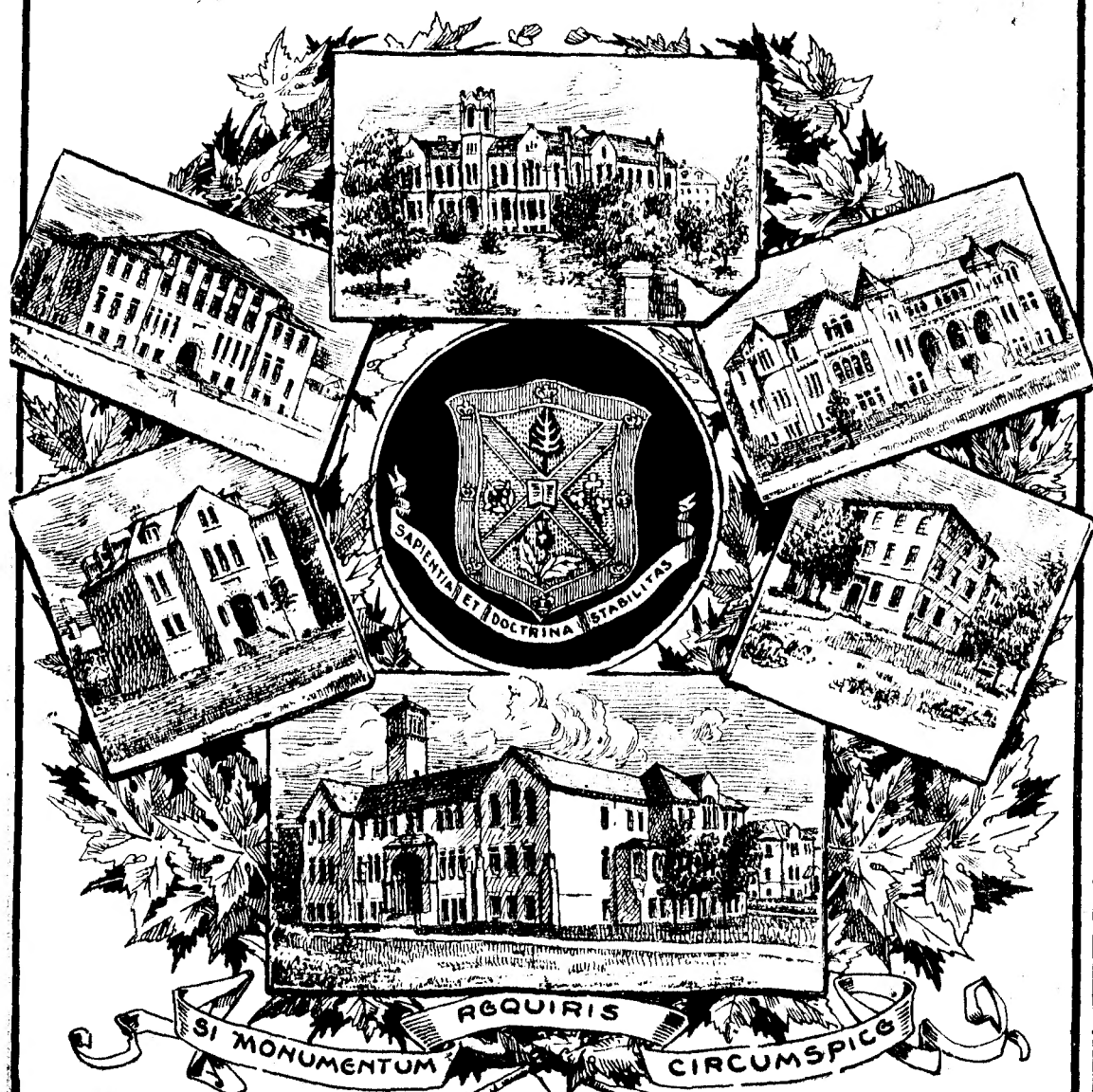


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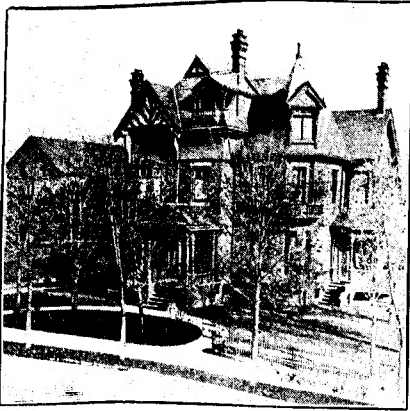
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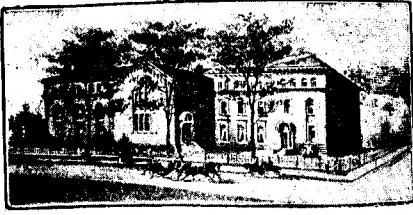
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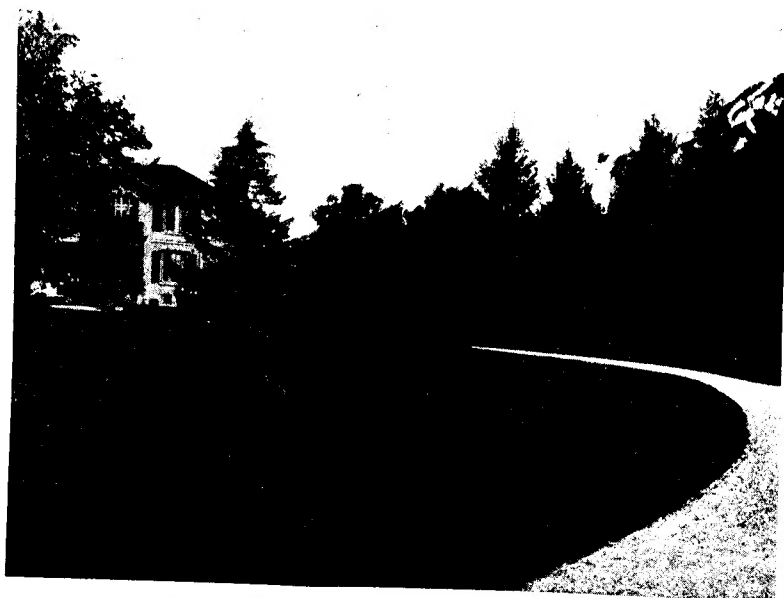
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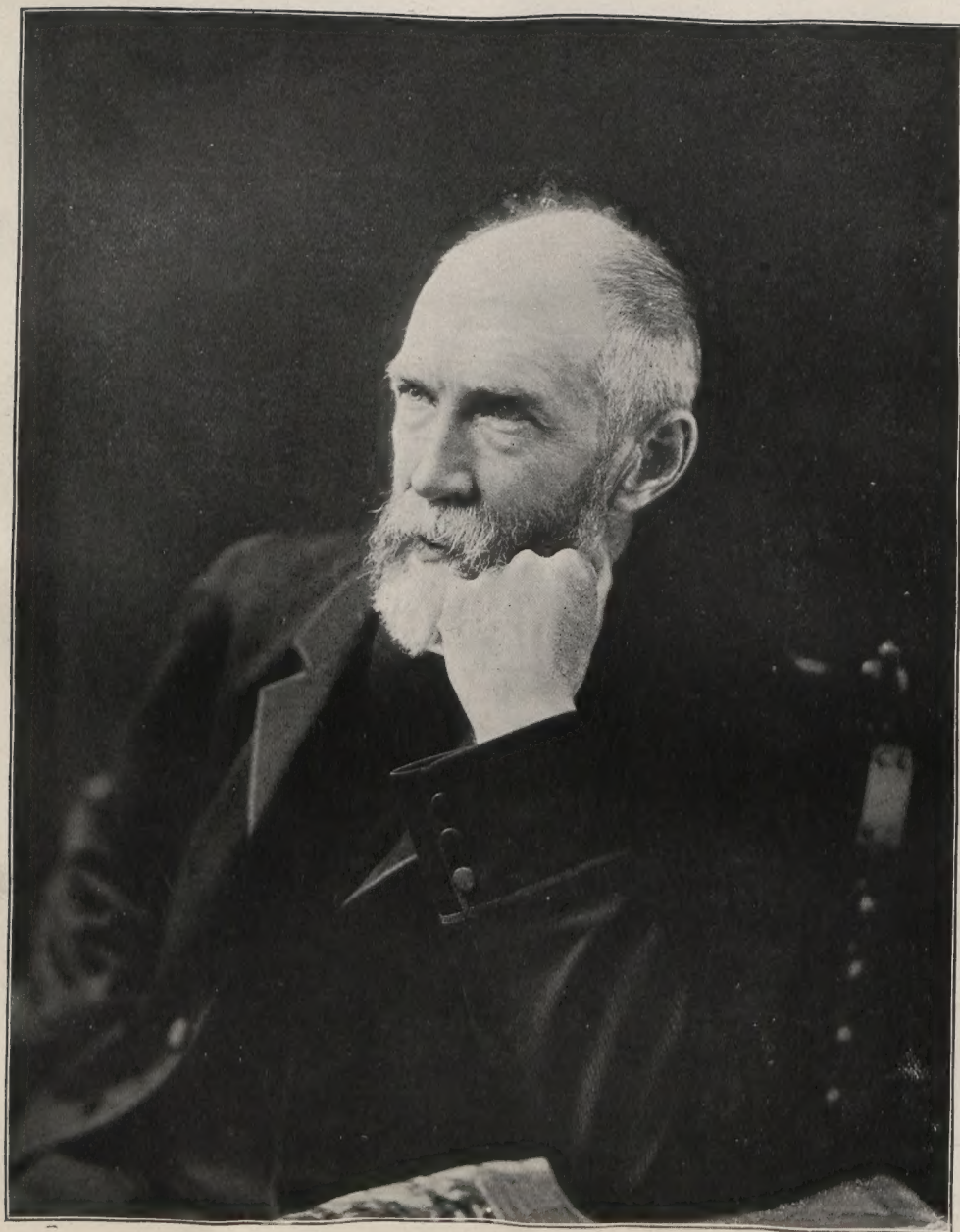
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## MEMORIAL NUMBER.



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NOVEMBER 6, 1902.

No. 1.

### PRINCIPAL GRANT.

#### A Biography.

**G**EORGE Monro Grant was born 22nd December, 1835, in the remarkable Scottish pioneer community which had Pictou for its headquarters. Viewfields Farm, in the East River Settlement, was his home, and he received his early education in a sound Academy, modelled upon the Scottish system, which was already giving Pictou a degree of fame as an educational centre. Later young Grant attended the West River Seminary, in the Pictou district. From his teens he was a leader — tall, active, powerful, quick at his lessons, charged with energy, and of a fiery courage which marked him even among the virile men of his district. The ministry of his Church called him; the story runs that when the little lad suffered the loss of his hand his father, a Celt of the type which found the atmosphere of the New World a stimulus to the practical industry formerly the peculiar property of the Lowlander, expressed the opinion that since the boy was disabled from being a farmer he might as well take to learning. But it was not as an occupation that Grant embraced the ministry; he never was one to

preach the gospel for a bit of bread; No university existed in Nova Scotia open to a student of the Church of Scotland; but just as he reached the age of seventeen the liberality of the Synod of Nova Scotia came to his aid, and he was given a bursary which took him to the University of Glasgow. He arrived in Glasgow late in 1853; the voyage took twenty-three and a half days and in a letter announcing his arrival he mentions with no great concern that the ship was dismasted in a storm.

For seven years the young colonial remained in Scotland. Into the life of the University he flung himself with ardour. His combination of power of intellect, energy of temperament and catholicity of interest thrust him to the front rank of the fifteen hundred students of his Alma Mater. He was one of the best men on the University foot-ball team and was for three years its captain. He was President of the University Conservative Club. Scholarships and prizes fell yearly to him until he grew to mention them in his letters home half-deprecatingly. In the vacations tuition work helped to replenish his purse. He lived creditably, for he was well-con-

nected in Scotland and had a social position to maintain, but he and a friend contrived to afford a tour of the continent. The experiences of student life, society and travel were based upon a foundation of severest study. He worked till midnight or one o'clock, was up at seven. Notebook in hand, he was reading widely and carefully. It is significant of the later bent of his studies that one of his university feats was the taking of a Lord Rector's prize for an essay on the Hindu Literature and Philosophy. He was still the young man who had sailed to Scotland to fit himself for the ministry of the Gospel. He was deeply under the influence of Norman Macleod, who showed him kindness which quickened into a close friendship. Another man, by whose teaching and personality he greatly profited, was Lushington, Professor of Greek, the Jebb of his time.

The seven student years passed away and the young man of twenty-five was ready to enter the ministry. The turning point of his life arrived. He was a theological student of the established Church, and the normal theological students' whole interest lay in the service of that Church in Scotland. Of the three other Nova Scotians who went to Glasgow with him two remained in Scotland. To Grant was offered the post of assistant to Norman Macleod, in Glasgow. It was a splendid chance, with dazzling prospects. Macleod was the most influential preacher in Scotland and his church was a strategic centre. We know what a preacher Grant became. The high-road to earthly success lay in that offer.

But Grant loved his native Nova Scotia, and he determined to give his

life to her. He put away the tempting chance, sailing from home, and became an ordained missionary in a little country charge in Prince Edward Island. Almost his first action when he began to earn money was to repay to the Synod of Nova Scotia the money which had sent him to Glasgow.

His rise in Nova Scotia was meteoric. Within two years of his arrival the young clergyman was called as assistant and successor to St. Matthew's Church, the most important charge in Nova Scotia of his branch of Presbyterianism. It is difficult to realize how swiftly and how permanently he impressed himself upon Halifax and upon Nova Scotia. His preaching was of brilliant eloquence and power. His energy in that first flush of his strength was volcanic; his administrative skill and his magnetism need no word of comment. Sermons of his were printed. When thirty years old he was chosen to preach before the Synod, the highest court of the Church in Nova Scotia. In 1875—the year of the union—when thirty-nine, he was Moderator of the Synod. "The Lion of Nova Scotia" was his sobriquet over the Dominion at that period. He laboured in the routine work of the Church, home-missions receiving his especial attention. He was incessant in parochial work. His breadth of sympathy brought him a circle of friends of the widest variety. With the Roman Catholic Archbishop and the Anglican Bishop he was intimate, and among the officers and men of the Highland regiments quartered at Halifax his influence was profound. In public affairs his interest was eager and active. He delivered lectures, he contributed to the press, he was foremost in university matters, he was a

leader in philanthropic work, and he became a politician.

Grant has told the story of these early political struggles himself, in that address of last January which forms his valedictory. I may quote from it: "Eighteen sixty-three to sixty-eight were stirring years in the Maritime Provinces, especially in Nova Scotia. Large questions almost simultaneously occupied the public mind. At first they were, shall we provide free, common schools for all our children or not? and shall our little Province encourage the establishment of a university governed by an independent board of different denominations, or remain content with a number of small and sectarian institutions? But these questions, important in themselves, soon became dwarfed by the infinitely more important one, shall our three Provinces remain separate or shall they form a Maritime Union or even a confederation with Upper and Lower Canada, and so aim at the formation of a British North American nation? The issue forced every man to whom country was dearer than self to think, and to think with all his might. It soon became evident that vested interests were imperilled; that the immediate prosperity of Halifax, the good old city I loved so well, was threatened; and that local feelings, all over the Province were in favour of our remaining simply Nova Scotians, instead of trying an experiment, the outcome of which no man could foretell."

Unity had already become the guiding principle of Grant's political action. It was better for Nova Scotia to make some sacrifice to enter into the full heritage of nationhood. Howe, of whom Grant had been a fol-

lower, faltered and made the great failure of his life; Grant left him, and aided Dr. Tupper, the champion of Confederation. He wrote and spoke; he rendered powerful aid to Tupper, and of course he angered the opponents of Confederation and scandalized those who held that a preacher should stick to his pulpit. To quote once more: "'Mr. — is not coming to church, one of the elders said to me, in an icy tone, 'because he is offended at you for having spoken in Pictou in favor of Confederation?' 'Has it not occurred to you that I may be offended, because he has spoken against Confederation?' I replied. 'This point of view was so novel that a puzzled look was the only response. 'Tell him,' I resumed, 'that I am not at all offended, and that he has too much good sense to deny me the freedom which he himself takes.' Both men, it may be added, remained members of the congregation.'"

Five years after Confederation came a picturesque sequel. A member of Mr. Grant's congregation was Sandford Fleming, the engineer who had been in charge of the building of the Intercolonial Railway. He was now Engineer-in-Chief of the C.P.R. Mr. Fleming judged it necessary to travel over the entire length of the projected line—a formidable undertaking—and he asked his pastor to go with the party as secretary. The adventurous Highlander—he was 36 years of age—eagerly consented. Along the rivers of New Ontario, over the prairies of the West, through the profound solitudes of the Yellowhead Pass, down the Thompson and the Fraser, the party journeyed by canoe, wagon, saddle-horse or on foot. It was a toilsome journey, carried out with re-

markable expedition. The secretary's diary was published under the title of "Ocean to Ocean." The book created a great stir, on its merits as one of the best books of Canadian travel ever published, and because of its enthusiastic preaching of the possibilities of the West. A life-long friendship with Sir Sandford Fleming (as he now is) was cemented on this journey.

Next came Presbyterian union, of which he was an effective advocate. Again I quote from the address of 1902:

"In 1875, the union of the four churches which constitute the Presbyterian Church of Canada took place. Here, also, the opposition came from the smaller churches, and most violently from the smallest, the one to which I belonged. No principle was at stake; no question now of tariff or possible financial disturbance; and evidently the work of establishing the ordinances of religion over half a continent could be done better by united action than by continued dissipation of our feeble resources. But these considerations availed nothing against timidity and the memories of old feuds, and we had either to abandon the proposed union or to see our Synod broken into two and to part from old friends and fellow-workers, some of whom regarded us as traitors to them and to our past. Sorrowfully we chose the latter alternative, the hours of decision being perhaps the bitterest some of us ever knew."

Following upon the union came the Macdonnell heresy case. Grant took a prominent part in this, and the brilliant powers which he displayed as a debater and as a Church statesman established his reputation in the united Presbyterian Church.

At this juncture, when the position of the pastor of St. Matthew's was so enviable, came the call to Queen's and Ontario.

The toughest of the "outlying colleges," Queen's stood for individualism, a principle grievously threatened by the tendency which for some years had been running high in Ontario to organize and systematize the whole of education into one common type. She was fighting strongly, but it seemed a losing battle; her expenditure was \$12,000 a year, her income could not be brought above \$8,500, and the yearly deficits were eating into her capital. Then in 1877 the discouraged trustees had to look for a new Principal. Grant was their choice, and he accepted.

Principal Grant's labors for Queen's began. The first thing was to stop the deficit. The second was to get a suitable home, for the existing buildings were inadequate. Those were the hard times which proved fatal to Mackenzie's Government, but the need was pressing. The citizens of Kingston raised the \$55,000 necessary for the building which housed the University so long. The Principal toured the Province for the new endowment of \$150,000. An incident of the union had been the substantial withdrawal of Queen's from the direct control of the Church, but the union was only three years old, and he travelled all through the Church in Ontario and in Montreal, more especially in the Old Kirk congregations, appealing with his unequalled skill, fervour and power for help for the Presbyterian University. Grant's health, strong as he was, suffered cruelly, but the endowment was raised. The critical period was in 1878. By 1882 the University had acquired new buildings,

grounds, etc., at a cost of \$63,000, while the income had been increased by \$7,650. The budget of the College had increased to \$16,000 or \$17,000, and the staff had been greatly strengthened, a professor and assistant-professor taking the place of the lamented MacKerras in classics, and three additional professors being appointed in science. Further, the new Principal had become known over all Ontario, and was already attracting students. The first large class entered in 1879; from that year onward the numbers increased. In 1882 the Principal started a second campaign. It was for a temporary increase of revenue; an additional \$7,500 a year was needed, and, to get a breathing spell, it was suggested that it be provided by five-year subscriptions. This campaign was carried on mainly among the graduates of the University and was successful. Queen's income in 1883 stood at about \$25,000—as against \$8,500 in 1877.

At this moment a change came over the whole University situation. University College had about the same staff as Queen's, and was doing about the same work; she taught perhaps twice as many students, and had an income of \$65,000, derived from an endowment dating from 1827. Feeling the need for expansion she demanded aid from the Provincial Government, asking for ten or eleven new professors, and certain additions to her equipment; the total extra expenditure would be not far short of \$40,000 a year.

The outlying colleges protested. If the Province was to grant aid to university education—a policy from which it had hitherto abstained—why should so enormous a sum, or rather, why should all the aid, go to University

College, while the self-helping colleges, which were doing a full half of the university work of the Province, were left at once to struggle along on their own resources, and to be exposed to the added intensity of the competition from University College, strengthened by Government assistance? Principal Grant spoke first, uttering a protest in his address on University Day, 1883. A prolonged and bitter newspaper controversy followed. From this contest sprang the Federation issue.

Certain overtures from Toronto University were followed by an invitation from the Minister of Education to the heads of the colleges to a series of conferences, and at these meetings was elaborated the scheme of University Federation, which, after being discussed in private all through 1884, was published in January, 1885. The cardinal point of the plan was that, by means of government aid, the University of Toronto was to establish a teaching faculty, more or less distinct from University College, to deal chiefly with science and mathematics. This faculty was to be open to the students of all the colleges included in the Federation; the colleges were to continue to provide the literary side of the training of their students. To make use of the common University Faculty the colleges obviously must be situated in Toronto; Federation thus meant centralization. Moreover, care was taken that University College should have an influence on the governing body of the reconstructed Toronto University at least equal to that of all the other arts colleges put together.

In Nova Scotia Principal Grant had championed university consolidation;

how did he view this proposal? Again I may quote from his valedictory: "As a practical man, I had always contended that it was waste for Nova Scotia to spend on half a dozen small colleges the little it gave for higher education, instead of concentrating its efforts, so as to have an institution fit to compete with McGill, Toronto or Harvard. I also believed that the highest university ideal was not government by a denomination, but self-government, and that on boards of governors only public and educational interests should be represented. But clearly, Ontario, needed more than one university, were it only to save the one from the blight which Napoleon's centralized University of France with the suppression of the old universities brought upon higher education in that country."

Throughout his career the Principal was anxious for university solidarity, and he would have welcomed a consolidation which would have avoided the evils of uniformity and centralization; the Federation scheme he judged to be objectionable in these two particulars. The Board of Trustees agreed with him, but decided to consult the whole body of graduates and benefactors of the University. Federation had short shrift with them; in a month the question was definitely settled. Out of hundreds of men who expressed their opinions, by letter or by word or mouth, one and only one favoured Federation. Trinity and McMaster decided to stay out. Victoria, after a long internal struggle, accepted Federation and removed to Toronto.

The annual expenditure of Toronto University went up to about \$100,000, in addition to the expenditure of Victoria, now increased to about \$30,000;

moreover, university education had been revolutionized by the advent in the early eighties of the optional system, with its corollary of numerous and expensive departments. What had been comfort in 1882, in 1886 was penury. The revolution had been one of the causes of the movement for Federation. Further, the five-year period was approaching its limit and the income raised in 1882 would lapse. The Principal braced himself for the campaign for the Jubilee Endowment Fund of 1887. That was to be a quarter of a million dollars. After gigantic efforts he got it; but the work shattered his health, and laid the seeds of the illness which ultimately proved fatal. New professors in Classics, English, Moderns, Political Economy and Mental Philosophy, were secured, and the Arts Faculty was now firmly established.

The College provided for, the University now engaged the Principal's attention. He long had been anxious for a more extensive treatment of Science, and he looked forward to the establishment of a new Faculty in this department. The practical side of the life of Eastern Ontario, he felt, needed the stimulus of university teaching and investigation. About 1888 he achieved his first great step forward in this direction, when Mr. John Carruthers, of Kingston, gave \$10,500 to found a Science Hall, which was opened in 1890. Grant's attention was drawn to the extent of the mining interests of Eastern Ontario and, this being a field of technical education as yet uncovered in Ontario, he interested the Provincial Government in his suggestion for the founding of a School of Mines. In the early nineties this was in operation and so, after ten or twelve

years of steady work, Grant's aspirations were fulfilled, though in a somewhat modified form, as the School of Mining was not a Faculty of the University. It worked, however, in close association with Queen's, and the impetus to Science work was felt. The Royal became the Faculty of Medicine, upon terms which strengthened the tendency towards the development of the Science side, and finally the long-desired Faculty of Applied Science was established.

The story of the development of the later nineties need not be recounted to the men now at Queen's—how professor after professor was added to the staff; how the University outgrew her quarters; how nobly Kingston voted her money for the new Kingston City Arts Building; how the Government came to the aid of the practical scientific work carried on at this great centre of learning and teaching in Eastern Ontario; or the circumstances under which the money was procured for Grant Hall. The raising of the income from \$8,500 to \$50,000, the erection of the stately quadrangle which graces the campus, the increase of the staff by seven-fold, the quadrupling of the student body, the changing of the University from a denominational to a national institution—all were his work.

And the man who carried through (with incredible toil this mighty work was incessantly interested in every phrase of the life of the nation. He was first and foremost a minister of the Presbyterian Church, as renowned as a preacher throughout Canada as he had been in Nova Scotia. He was all the time an inspiring teacher of Divinity, following the theological movements of the day and revising

his teaching year by year so that it was ever fresh. He was especially a student in the field of comparative religion, and his book, "The Religions of the World," is likely to live long. He was a great Churchman, prominent in the General Assembly and active in its work. He travelled over the projected line of the C.P.R. in 1883, and when his health was broken by his work over the Jubilee Endowment, made his journey round the world in 1888. He edited "Picturesque Canada" in 1882. He was keenly alive to the political development of his country. He was a champion of Imperialism always, more especially when it was unpopular. He fought for the C.P.R. when it needed help. When in 1893 the administration of Canada had degenerated into nerveless routine, he electrified public feeling by his "Policy for Canada" series of articles in the *Globe*; he followed this by his discussion of the difficult Manitoba Schools question in 1895, by his advocacy of the inclusion of Newfoundland in the union, and by the bold opposition to Prohibition which brought upon him within the last few years so great a volume of abuse.

It only remains to add the facts of his removal from us. In the summer of 1901 he was in Great Britain. While there his health, already undermined, showed signs of failing. An act of kindness to a poor woman whom he met on a railway train caused him to get chilled; on the voyage back he caught another chill. During the Autumn of 1901 he was laid low by the illness which we all remember. A rally, a few months of work, the collapse just before Convocation Day—and on 10th May, 1902, George Monro Grant passed away. F. H.



MRS. GRANT.



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## Editorials.

ONCE more we find ourselves back at our old familiar home. Like birds seeking a more congenial clime, groups of students full of hope and promise, may have been seen for the past few weeks wending their way back to the fair city, whose walls and spires and even whose chimney tops in the distance betoken welcome. A few straggling bands may not yet have found their way hither, but their hearts are with us and we are once more a happy family. Yes, we are glad to be back among old friends and old associations, and the anticipation of returning has in no small measure added to the enjoyment of our holiday season. Yet amid countless joys we are sad. The "yell" has lost its ring, and seldom breaks the silence which lingers round the halls. The old songs have but a sickly sound, and fade upon our lips. But why this change? Why not the joys of former days? We have heard kind welcomes till our ears are full; we have shaken hands till our elbows ache—but all in vain. Our hearts are not content. One face we

miss that used to make us glad—one voice that used to cheer us on. One hand we fain would grasp—a left hand, and what warmth it imparted! Alas! that face has passed; that voice is still; that hand we shall never grasp again. How irreparable is our loss!

During the cloudy days of the long and valiant struggle of that noble spirit for a life of further usefulness, we had felt depressed, but while there was a single ray of hope, we could be patient. But the worst has come, and all seems dark. But we must bear our loss manfully, in the spirit of him we mourn, for whom there could be no sorrow but was converted into hope, and no despair but gave place to higher resolves. Yet, what a treasure he was, and how we wish him back! Could the halls but again resound with the glad old strain which once we all sang with such enthusiasm, "Rule, rule, Geordie, Geordie rules the boys" how happy we would be! Good old Geordie! He is gone, but he lives. he walks with us still, counsels us with his voice, and cheers us on our way—Geordie still "rules the boys."

DESPITE the great loss which we feel our University has sustained in the loss of her Principal, we have reason to be hopeful. It is true, he felt that his work was far from finished, and to the last breath, he clung tenaciously to life, not for what it was in itself, or that he feared death, but for the possibilities he saw of doing still more effective work in the interests of the cause he had so much at heart. But the "one more chance" for which he sighed was not granted. He is gone, and it is impossible to ignore the fact that he has left a tremendous gap, and one which cannot easily be filled.

But a calm view of the whole situation, we are persuaded, must reveal cause neither for despair nor even for fear in regard to the future of Queen's.

No such work as that of Principal Grant is destined to be of a temporary nature. Though perhaps relatively incomplete, it must complete itself. He has nurtured Queen's through her stage of weakness, strengthened her to stand alone, and placed her in an environment in which she must go forward. He has infused into her a new life, and given her a soul which is the immortal part of himself, and which must even bear testimony to the magnitude of his spirit in a wider and more complete realization. While then we miss the man himself, his unbounded energy, his undaunted zeal, and his calm passionless judgment, how much of him have we left our everlasting heritage! He has left his impress upon all about him. We have caught his spirit and the sorrow of our bereavement has served but to kindle it more vividly within us. The future of Queen's lies in her children, and that they will be true to the responsibilities which have fallen upon them we have reason to believe. Her progress in the past has been in the face of many and some almost unsurmountable difficulties, but she has braved the tempests, and has come out all the better of them. The storms of life are not yet over, but she is founded firmly upon a rock and must endure.

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ALL those who have spoken or written about our late Principal have acknowledged him to be a many-sided man, though most men who have referred to him have seized on one or two characteristics which they regarded as outstanding features in his life

and character. From a student's standpoint, though we felt his strength and ability as a leader, debater and teacher, it was probably above all his power of influencing and inspiring men that was most strongly brought home to us. His power of kindling in his students something of the fire in his own nature has been one of the most potent factors in moulding the lives of Queen's men. No student ever met him personally, or even saw him and heard him speak without realizing that his spirit was contagious. Even his spirit of self-sacrifice, which as a general rule is not as infectious among men as other qualities, seemed to possess the students of Queen's.

To give an illustration of this we have only to cite the steps taken by the students in the session of 87-88, when through overwork the Principal's health had broken down before he had completed his canvass for the endowment fund. The students came gallantly to his aid and of their own motion at a meeting of the A.M.S. subscribed the amount required to complete the endowment scheme. Another illustration of this same spirit and an even more remarkable one stands nearer our own time, when last fall the By-law submitted to the County of Frontenac to raise \$20,000 for the erection of a Convocation Hall was defeated. That indomitable spirit which is never vanquished by a reverse and which the students had imbibed from the Principal, soon after manifested itself. On the very morning after the poll, when it was almost certain that the By-law had been defeated, one of the students evolved a scheme whereby they themselves with the help of friends of theirs and the University might build the much need-

ed Hall. The scheme had only to be suggested to the students to be acted upon immediately, so that before full returns were in from outlying polling places in the County, twenty-five hundred dollars had been subscribed by twenty-five students as a nucleus of a fund for the building of the Hall. That was the first day's work and was a substantial foretaste of the future success of the scheme. The immediate success of the undertaking was no doubt due to the spirit of independence and self-reliance among the students but partly to the happy decision to associate the name of the Hall with our beloved Principal. The changing of the name of the Hall from "Frontenac" to "Grant" aided us materially as many of our friends subscribed because of their regard for the Principal, so that by the end of the session we had between thirty-four and thirty-five thousand dollars in subscriptions. The cash value of these is of course not represented by these amounts, as some of them extend over a period of five or ten years. Still already over eleven thousand dollars has been paid in in cash. Of one thing too we are certain and that is that no loyal Queen's man will fail to meet his obligations, if he can at all, even though he may not be able to make his payments on the day and date specified on paper.

Our scheme has met with greater success than even the most sanguine of us could have hoped for, and while the happy outcome of the undertaking is no doubt due in some degree to the enterprise of the students, we all feel that the success is due indirectly to the Principal himself for it is his spirit which has been manifested by

the students in the whole undertaking.

On the sixth of November we had the satisfaction of seeing the work on the Grant Hall begun by the laying of the corner stone, and we hope to see it completed next summer. There is a sad pathos in connection with the Hall. When the scheme was started the Hall was to be a recognition of our Principal, but before one single sod had been turned or stone laid he was taken from us, and now the Hall is to be a memorial. Long may it stand to commemorate our great head and leader, of whom it might be said as it was said of another great leader when he had gone to his long home—

Who never sold the truth to serve  
the hour.

Nor falter'd with Eternal God for  
power;

Who let the turbid streams of rumor  
flow

Thro' either babbling world of high  
or low;

Whose life was work, whose lan-  
guage rife

With rugged maxims hewn from  
life."

It was most fitting that a day should be set aside to honour the memory of one to whom we shall always be so much indebted. To the refining and ennobling influences of his nature, to the invaluable lessons he has by his own example taught us, of purity of purpose, and unselfish devotion to duty, we owe much of what is best in us, and now that he has passed from our midst we cannot afford to forget him. Nothing could be more impressive than the simple ceremonies of that day, and nothing could do more to enshrine him within our memories.

(Of our feelings as students, who have known and loved him so well, little need be said. It would be worse than useless to attempt to give adequate utterances to what we feel. But this is of minor importance. What alone is requisite is that our sense of gratitude for a life so noble, and our sorrow for the loss of a friend so true, may become factors in our own upbuilding. We may become monuments to him more enduring than either brass or stone. Thus best can we honour his memory.

Those were solemn moments when the procession passed up the aisle, and he was missed from the accustomed place. What a change from former times! There was not even a whisper from the gallery. In silence all eyes were reverently fixed upon the portrait which now alone remained to fill his place. But as the services went on the silence which reigned became oppressive. As the various speakers paid their grand tributes to the man of whom we have always been so proud—as one by one his fine qualities werebrought out, and even his peculiarities touched upon, the old enthusiasm rose—all restraint was broken through, and the boys gave vent to their feelings in loud applause. It was not of him as dead that now we thought, but he seemed again to be present,—“Geordie” as of old, as he moved among us and was best known. And so long as we have reason to remember with pleasure and gratitude our Alma Mater and our college days, and this must be as long as memory lasts, no name can ever mean so much to us as his. There can be for us but one “Geordie,”—our Principal of Queen’s.

#### EDITORIAL NOTES.

No apologies need, we think, be made, for the appearance of this Memorial Number. The JOURNAL, it was felt, could not begin its regular visits to its friends until it had first expressed in some small way the sense of loss which the students of Queen’s feel in their recent bereavement, and their appreciation for a life so unselfishly devoted to their welfare. We hope that it may serve its purpose well, and that it may be one among the many valued mementoes of our much loved and much lamented Principal.

In addition to those whose names appear as contributors to this issue, the JOURNAL is under obligations to Professor Shortt, for the sketches from which the plates used in printing the cover have been prepared. While the design has been prepared specially for use in this issue, it has been deemed appropriate that it should be continued throughout the year.

While no doubt much might have been said, by the various editors in regard to the services rendered by Prin. Grant to the departments which they represent, they have felt that this could be done only at the risk of much repetition. What applies to one applies equally to all. The Principal neglected no department of the University. He was keenly alive to the best interests of all, and under his guidance all have undergone a wide expansion.

While, of necessity, much of his time was given to Divinity Hall where he laboured to impress upon his own students the value of high ideals in the work to which they were called, and the necessity of freedom of thought combined with reverence for the past,

his interests were by no means confined to this sphere. He was most anxious that the Arts department should be strong, for he recognized that it must to a large extent serve as a foundation for all the others. Moreover, he saw in the necessity of the time, a demand for a considerable expansion in Science, and the fine group of buildings, the last of which is now nearing completion, together with the marked increase in attendance, bear testimony to the success which has crowned his efforts. But no sooner was one end assured than another came in sight. Last term in his address at Medical Convocation, he stated that his own illness had impressed upon him more clearly than ever before the necessity of well trained men in medicine, and that in the future he hoped to devote more of his energy towards the advancement of this department. But he did not live to see his visions realized, and now all departments are one in their feelings of common loss.

The Principal did not confine his attention to the mere machinery of the University, but was wrapped up in the general life within it. We need only to cite as an example of this his interest in athletics. No one who was present will forget, a few years ago, while his health remained, how when two championships were in sight, and three games were in progress at almost the same time, he hurried from one to the other, saw much of all, and when the whistle blew, rushed in among the boys and congratulated them collectively and individually for "fine tackling," "beautiful runs," or whatever other merits of the play most appealed to him. Truly, he was a remarkable man, and what we have lost in him we can scarcely even yet realize.

# A LETTER.

ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE, TORONTO.  
*The Editor Queen's University Journal:*

Kingston, Ont.

Dear Sir,—I have, though with deep misgiving, taken upon myself the task of writing the Biography of my father. In this work I have obtained the help of Mr. Frederick Hamilton, M.A. '90, of the staff of the *Globe*. It is our wish to make our work as adequate a tribute as possible to the memory of him whom we have lost. May I therefore through you appeal to the many friends of my father to send any letters written by him, or any reminiscences of him, which they possess, to me at the above address. I shall of course return to the owners any such letters that may be sent, and shall use them only in so far as I am given permission,

I am,

Yours sincerely,

W. L. GRANT.

## IN MEMORIAM, G. M. G.

MUCH has been spoken and much written already concerning the late Principal of Queen's, and still on all sides tributes flow in to his memory, from friends who desire to bear record to some phase of his character, which has particularly impressed them. Here, if anywhere, in this Memorial Number of the Queen's University Journal, such memories are not out of place, memories which are the expression of an ever-deepening sense of loss and an ever-increasing appreciation of one always loved and honoured.

Numerous and generous tributes have been paid to Principal Grant as a public man, and as the head of an important university—less has been

said of his personal relations with his students, and his immediate circle of friends, and yet those who knew him only in his official and public character knew but half. A man of widest interests, which embraced all that concerned the welfare of the country and the University, his practical sympathy was at all times at the service of each individual student. Which among the thousands of young men who have been brought into relationship with him can ever remember a rebuff when they went to him for help or counsel, however pressed with business or personal care he might have been? How ready he ever was to lay aside for the time all his own concerns, and give his undivided attention to the matter laid before him. How many has he helped in straitened circumstances, or in times of special necessity, and always with the same prompt and generous readiness that characterized all his gifts—gifts so ungrudging and spontaneous as never to appear in the light of charity. His own student days at Glasgow University, never forgotten by him, made him ever sympathetic for the struggling student in his efforts for academic training. To them his house was always open, the old gray stone house that had the same kindly welcome for rich and poor alike, hallowed to us now too by the memory of another presence, dear to all who have ever come within its gentle influence. Who can tell how much of the Principal's strength and courage was due to the calm and restful atmosphere of the home of which Mrs. Grant was the support and mainstay. Those who were privileged to be admitted to the inner circle of her friends, a place perhaps somewhat hard to gain, but once gained never lost, who knew the depth

and steadfastness of her affection, the rare culture and delicacy of her mind, and the strength and clearness of her judgment, can realize by their own sorrow something of what she had been to the Principal and what the loss was to him when the long years of suffering and ill-health ended on the 1st of January, 1901. Certain it is that from that time his health failed steadily, and when the illness of the following autumn came he had no force to withstand it. To the last his courage never left him, no word of complaint during the trying winter of successive hopes and disappointments ever broke from him. He went on calmly with his plans for the future as if many years were before him. He knew that if he fell before his work was completed other hands would take it up, and to the last his confidence was undisturbed. He was a man in every sense of the word, a man fitted to shine, as he assuredly did, in whatever situation he was called to fill. A brilliant conversationalist, an eloquent speaker, he was equally at home in the society of princes and working men, and was everywhere a welcome guest. Everywhere and always the impression made by him on those who saw him constantly was the same, of unwearied energy through pain, fatigue and stress of business, of cheerfulness and courage, of infinite resource and clear judgment, of unerring tact in difficult situations, and of an absolute unselfishness in giving his best for his work. For this he thought it little to give freely time, money, strength, talents, health and life itself. Is it possible that all this should cease? We cannot believe it.

(O strong soul, by what shore  
 Tarriest thou now? For that force  
 Surely has not been left vain!  
 Somewhere surely, afar,  
 In the sounding labour house vast  
 Of being, is practised that strength  
 Zealous, beneficent, firm.  
 Yes, in some far sounding sphere,  
 Conscious or not of the past,  
 Still thou performest the word  
 Of the spirit in whom thou dost live,  
 Prompt, unwearied as here!  
 Still thou upraisest with zeal  
 The humble good from the ground,  
 Sternly represses the bad!  
 Still, like a trumpet dost rouse  
 Those who with half open eyes  
 Tread the borderland dim  
 'Twixt vice and virtue; revivst  
 Succourest!—this was the work  
 This was the life upon earth.

Six months have passed since with the close of session 1901-02 Principal Grant laid down his life work and passed on, leaving it for other hands to carry on. To almost all his death came as a sudden blow, so strong was the universal belief in his wonderful rallying power and in the energy of mind which had so often brought him safely through times of physical weakness and danger. Now as we look back on the long winter of illness and suffering so bravely borne and struggled against, our chief wonder is that he endured so long. The first crushing weight of the blow, the first shock has passed, but to all the permanent sense of loss has deepened as time has gone by, and as we gradually realize how completely he inspired the life of the University in every part, and how great is the blank left now that the support of his presence is withdrawn. The work goes on, the round of university work, which was

his chief interest and care, continues, the buildings for which he laboured, and which owe their existence to his efforts, one by one approach completion. Each one labours faithfully as in other years, perhaps even more so, as with an added sense of responsibility alike on professors and students, but all feel profoundly the blank, the absence of the strong mainstay, on which, whether consciously or not all leaned in the past.

It is a truism to say that Queen's has experienced a crushing loss. We hear it repeated on all sides, with all sincerity, "How can Queen's ever go on without him?" In many ways indeed the loss is irreparable, far more so, and in many more ways than outsiders can at all realize. Yet at the same time, outsiders are prone to take in one sense an exaggerated view of the situation, a view that the friends and supporters of Queen's would never admit. More than once in bygone years, when the University has suddenly been deprived of apparently indispensable aid, as of money, or other support, the Principal has been the first to point out that the removal of these props has been the means of establishing her more firmly on her foundations. And we cannot doubt that it will be so now—we accept the confidence which to the last inspired him as his best legacy. It would be a poor return for the work he has done if those he has left behind should falter. The foundations have been well and firmly laid, the building process has been no journeyman's work with wood, hay and stubble, and in spite of doubt and perplexity we go forward, sadly indeed, but with the firmest confidence that the future prosperity of the University is well assured.

Queen's has been too long inspired by the courage, the energy and the hopefulness of her leader to admit any feeling of discouragement at this time. Too many characters have been moulded under his influence. They have gathered there something of the steadfastness of purpose and unselfishness of spirit which characterized him, and in such characters as these we find in reality his best and most enduring monument. The tablet erected by the students to their late Principal bears the time-honoured injunction "*Si monumentum requiris, circumspice.*" Yes, but we may look for it beyond the square of buildings which he called into existence, beyond into the hearts and characters of those among whom he lived and worked, for there his true memorial is written "not in tables of stone, but in fleshly tables of the heart." L. S.

#### MEMORIAL DAY.

THURSDAY, Nov. 6th, 1902, will not soon be forgotten by those Professors, students and graduates of Queen's, who assembled to pay their tribute to the memory of their departed chief. The proceedings of the day were both interesting and impressive. There were two important ceremonies—the laying of the corner stone of the building, which among all the others is particularly to commemorate the life of the late Principal, and the presentation of a brass tablet to the University, by the Alma Mater Society, as a special tribute and mark of affection from the students. There were also two masterly addresses each of which, from a different point of view, portrayed the signal greatness of the man whom we have had the inestimable

privilege to call our Principal and our friend.

#### THE LAYING OF THE CORNER STONE.

Although the weather was none too favourable, a large number of students, graduates and friends of Queen's assembled to witness the laying of the corner stone of "Grant Hall," by Sir Sandford Fleming. At three o'clock a procession, headed by the Chancellor, Professors, Trustees, members of the Council, representatives of various Universities, and others, all in full academic costume, moved from the Senate room to the site of the new hall, where the foundation of the tower in which the corner stone is to rest had been prepared to receive it. The ceremony was simple but impressive. After a brief prayer by the Rev. Dr. Thompson, of Sarnia, Mr. J. Wallace, M.A., B.D., President of the Alma Mater Society, addressed the gathering in these words:

"Friends of Queen's, ladies and gentlemen: It was unanimously decided by the Board of Trustees and University Council, as well as by the students, that the Chancellor of our University, Sir Sandford Fleming, K.C. M.G., should be asked to lay the foundation stone of Grant Hall, as he has not only been for a long time associated with our Principal in building up the University, but had been a close personal friend of Principal Grant, for many years previous.

At the request therefore of these official bodies, and as representative of the students, I beg you, Mr. Chancellor, to accept this trowel, and to proceed to lay the corner stone of Grant Hall."

The trowel, which was of silver,



was beautifully engraved as follows:

*"Presented to Sir Sandford Fleming, K.C.M.G., Chancellor of Queen's University, on the occasion of the laying of the corner stone of the Grant Memorial Hall."*

THE CHANCELLOR'S ADDRESS.

By the wish of the students; by the assent of the graduates; by the request of the Council; by the resolution of the Trustees, we are assembled here to-day to perform an important function in which we are all deeply interested.

As Chancellor of the University, the duty has devolved upon me to take a prominent part in laying the corner stone of a building to be erected in loving memory of our late Principal. The building to be raised on the site upon which we now stand is to be used as a Convocation Hall and always to be associated with his name.

Twenty-five years ago on the second of last month, the Reverend George Monro Grant was appointed Principal of this University. On May 10th of the present year he passed to his reward. Between these dates he performed faithful services and endeared himself to everyone connected with Queen's. He gave unstintedly a quarter of a century of his best years. He laboured with untiring activity and unceasing zeal to place on a broad and permanent foundation a great centre of learning in Eastern Ontario. He steadily aimed to complete the establishment of a University where the Canadian youth of this generation and of all coming generations would reap the advantages of higher education in its most perfect form.

We see evidences of the success which has attended these efforts in the stately buildings erected around us;

in the many eminent professors who have been gathered together from many sources of learning, and in the yearly increasing number of students who flock to this University.

In 1877 the Trustees had rare good fortune in obtaining the services of the late Dr. Grant as a guiding head for Queen's University. In him they found a man of many gifts; a man of strong intellect; a scholar; a teacher; a preacher, and a theologian. He was a man of affairs of singular resourcefulness. He was endowed with broad patriotism and statesmanship. He was a man of hopeful courage and of high principles—when occasion required he was fearlessly outspoken. And withal, he was of deep sympathy, of tenderness, and singular unselfishness—no soul more gentle—not one amongst us with a heart more noble—not in all Canada one more steadfast or more true. We do well to cherish the memory of a man who has long been, and who will long continue to be, an inspiration to the students of the University.

Queen's has indeed lost the head that has guided her affairs so wisely and loved her so well, but his life work like all good work will long survive. True, his personality is sadly and greatly missed, but does not his spirit remain to shed an influence for good for many a day?

While the death of Principal Grant is a private loss to individuals innumerable, it has been a calamity to the University. His death has been a national as well as an individual loss. But should we mourn that our beloved friend has found rest from his labours and entered on his eternal Jubilee?

Should we not rather gratefully



THE CHANCELLOR.

bear in mind that we have found the advantage of his presence among us for so long a period to help us on our way and enrich our natures?

Should we not feel profoundly thankful that he was permitted for twenty-five years to serve the University as its guiding head? Should we not congratulate ourselves that his noble spirit still remains to influence our lives and enlarge our hopes?

If in his absence we find the University face to face with grave difficulties, let us recall his hopeful spirit and follow the example he has always set us. Let us be patient and let our patience be combined with faith.

His was the mind of high resolve, of lofty ideals and penetrating insight. On this occasion I may fittingly repeat a sentence to which he gave utterance when he addressed the students in Convocation Hall a short time before his death. He spoke of a vision of the future which had been given him.

"I see our University strong in love, an ever increasing power for good; our country purging itself of dross and passing forward to be in the van of the world's battle; an empire, as of old, dispenser of justice to all under its flag, and champion of liberty, civil, religious, intellectual and commercial; and our common humanity struggling up into the light, slowly but surely, realizing its unity and accomplishing its mission to establish the kingdom of God upon earth."

These hopeful and pregnant words of the late Principal were about the last spoken to the students he loved so well. That love was ardently reciprocated. Little wonder then that the first thought that took possession of their minds when he passed away, was to erect a central monument

among the many monuments to his memory around us.

The relations which existed between the deceased and myself were very intimate for not far short of forty years. And for more than half that period I have had the happiness to have been associated with him in the affairs of this University. I regarded him as my closest friend and steadfast companion on many a mile of life's journey. I think few men knew him better, certainly none esteemed him more. To me, then, I regard it a high privilege, even if the duty be touched with sadness, to be called upon, through my official connection with the University, to be present on this occasion. I shall always retain a grateful sense of the satisfaction I feel in complying with the wishes of the students and the instructions of the Council in practically initiating the erection of a hall in memory of the late Rev. George Monro Grant—our common friend—the Principal of this University for a quarter of a century, a patriotic Canadian, a great citizen of this mighty empire.

With these brief words, I now declare this stone well and truly laid.

The stone bears the following simple inscription: "*This stone was laid by Sir Sandford Fleming, K.C.M.G., Chancellor of Queen's University, November 6th, 1902.*"

#### MEMORIAL SERVICE.

The ceremonies in connection with the laying of the corner stone over, all retired to Convocation Hall, which was soon crowded. The old hall, which so often had rung with the voice now silent—the gallery which had never failed to greet his presence with joyous outbursts of mirth and song—now were hushed, and in their

garb of mourning revered his memory. Conspicuous at the front of the hall hung the familiar oil portrait neatly draped in black. Never perhaps before was it viewed with such respect and inward feeling. It was all the eye could find to take his wonted place. On the platform there were, in addition to those connected with the work and management of the University, several representatives from other universities, as well as many old and faithful friends of the late Principal, from near and far. The gallery was crowded with students, while the body of the hall was taken up with lady students, citizens of Kingston and other friends. All were there to honour the memory of him they loved. The Chancellor occupied the chair, and the Rev. Professor Jordan conducted the devotional exercises. After the reading of the twenty-third psalm, a prayer, and the singing of "Rock of Ages," the Chancellor called upon the Rev. Professor Ross, of Montreal, to deliver the first memorial address.

THE ADDRESS OF PROFESSOR ROSS.

I believe it is as one who studied under Principal Grant and who was a member of the first class in Arts that graduated after his appointment, that I have been asked to address you. As the movement to which you have given formal visibility began with the students and is to be completed by their faithful service, it seemed fitting that a student should take some part. I am sure that one of the present students would have performed the duty well, but perhaps the Council thought that one whose recollection reaches back a little further would have some slight advantage.

This is an hour of many sad yet

grateful memories, not perhaps altogether unmingled with some misgiving fears. The first flush of grief has passed, yet we remember him with a vividness that is painful. It appears strange for us to meet here without him. I doubt not it seems to many as if his spirit still hovered about the scene of his trials and triumphs.

It is fitting that on this occasion we should recall some characteristics of the administrator, counsellor and friend whom we all mourn, and whose memory will be ever connected with this University and especially with the Hall, whose foundations have just been laid. This is a good opportunity for getting a firmer hold of some of the lessons which his life is well fitted to teach us.

I am not to be understood as implying that I can accurately analyze his character or that my ability or opportunity to understand him can be compared with that of those who lived beside him and labored with him so long. Every human spirit partakes in some degree of the fulness and variety of the Infinite Spirit, and it is not within the power of any mortal to weigh and measure and sum up conclusively all its amazing depths and shallows, all its strange and perplexing attitudes to God and man. And this is especially true of those who are marked off from common men by the vigor of their intellect or their splendid genius.

A student finds in nature only what his eyes have been trained to see, and a man finds in the life and character of another only what he is spiritually fitted to understand. The real man is much larger and more varied than the one we know. The final biographer of the humblest of us must be, not any man nor all men, but God. I can

therefore hope to present only a few most obvious aspects of that life for which we give thanks and whose memory we wish to perpetuate. The time for a complete record of the Principal's work and an exhaustive portrayal of his character and genius has not yet come. Sympathetic friends will doubtless by and by enshrine his memory and the message of his life in a permanent literary form.

*As a Speaker.*

Perhaps the first thing that impressed a stranger about our friend the Principal was his consummate mastery of speech. He was an able and inspiring conversationalist. It was an education to travel with him and hear his keen characterizations of men and measures. It was a special privilege to be with him in the company of some statesman or original thinker, some specialist in politics, science, literature or mission work, and to hear him engage such an one in the discussion or elucidation of some problem in the sphere of thought where he was strong, thus securing an opportunity of looking at it with the other's eyes, compelling his companion to clarify those portions of his thought which were obscure or doubtful and very often giving as much as he received.

In his public speech his gifts appeared in a remarkable way. As a preacher he was sought for far and near, and his appearance in a pulpit was long remembered by a congregation. His oratory was not of the *ore rotundo* type, but consisted of timely and original truth, put in a terse, epigrammatic way. There was no affectation of eloquence in his speech, he was no maker of finely varnished phrases or vague glittering generalities. It was the clear-cut good sense

of his utterances and their close connection with reality that gave them such weight. He talked to men from the pulpit, but talked in such a way as to leave a deep impression on the heart. His masterly analysis of character in his sermon on the Prodigal Son awakened opposition and even anger in the minds of many who heard it. The elder brother was handled with such fidelity that the smug self-satisfied church member was startled, amazed and shaken out of his security for the time being. Yet so pungent, so unusual, so painful was the truth, that while the smitten sinner winced and smarted he loudly proclaimed that the sermon was not fair. In the circumstances one sometimes thought of another preacher in Nazareth long ago, whose audience rose upon him, flung him from the pulpit and would have slain him if he had not escaped.

It was, however, as a debater that the real force, originality and readiness of the man appeared. It was when roused by opposition, or by the magnitude of the interests at stake, or by a foeman worthy of his steel, that every faculty seemed thoroughly quickened and the whole man glowed with an intensity and a force which thrilled the hearer. With what perfect ease he could marshal his facts and arguments on the spur of the moment, how well he knew just how far to elaborate each point and to move steadily onwards to the accomplishment of his main purpose! With what quiet and yet powerful telling sarcasm he laid bare the weakness of an opponent's position and the flaws in his reasoning! And on some rare occasion when he found himself confronted with an antagonist whom he thought unjust and overbearing, with

what merciless wit did he veritably flay him alive! His speech on the Temporalities Bill before the Private Bills Committee of the House of Commons was an effort which few Canadians living or dead could have made.

Yet with all this force in debate he was not a leader of majorities in the parliament of the Church. Very often he voted with the minority, and occasionally he secured only a second-er to follow him. This was owing partly to his advanced position or peculiar opinions on some questions and partly to his lack of that excessive caution which plays a large part in the policy of Presbyterianism. When I entered his class in Divinity it was only his second session, he was launching the endowment scheme and his lectures were necessarily fragmentary. But his striking originality appeared in all the exercises of the class room. Some of us, with the mischievous perversity of students, often planned to waylay him. One asked him a question here and another there and the third with the quiet tone of unconscious innocence turned the key which was to imprison him, but lo! the next instant he was soaring in the sunlit air in a direction of which we never dreamed. Sometimes we badgered him in a way which I blush to think of now. But he never lost his temper, only a quiet sarcastic allusion indicated that he had noticed anything unusual. Or perhaps in reply to persistent queries and objections founded on some narrow misconception, he would use an illustration so graphic and unanswerable as to effectively silence the questioning and turn the laugh on the questioner. In some obtruse portion of his subject or when dealing with a question on which there was a

strong prejudice in some minds, he would light up the tedium of the hour by a gleam of humour, and tide us through the strait into smooth water again; the mark of the man was on all his work. He was constantly finding points of contact between the truth he was teaching and our own spiritual life or our future work. One felt that in his hands theology was not merely a philosophy of God and man, but an instrument of power for the regeneration of earth; it was the proclamation of an attitude of the Eternal towards his sinning, suffering children.

His examination papers were as original as himself. On every paper there were several questions which no acquaintance with the lectures or recollection of the class discussions would have enabled the student to answer. He must frame his replies out of his own good sense and his general knowledge of truth and duty. This was not a common practice in those days.

The Principal was a fine example of the spirit of the new age which believes in connecting education at every point very closely with life. Even in handling those aspects of truth which are really a metaphysical puzzle and which will ever remain such, he had always before him the perplexities of the average heart and conscience. He was constantly endeavoring "to assert eternal providence and justify the ways of God to man." He saw clearly the limitations of logic as an instrument for bridging the gulf between the Divine and the human; but he used it effectively for clearing away the artificial difficulties which have surrounded it, thus making it easier for faith to reach the point



PROFESSOR ROSS.

where she must spread her wings to attain the peace of perfect communion with God. His system was not then very well defined, but the man himself was more than the best articulated system could have been. The student felt, here is a bright mind, a living soul, in sympathy with all departments of truth, full of reverence for the best traditions of the past and throbbing with hopes of a new and and much more glorious future, ably making the very most of the opportunities and the material laid to his hand to fit men for their life work—to send them forth endowed with confidence in the good purposes of God, in the omnipotence of truth, in the salvability of men.

All his men did not accept his positions and he did not seek to compel them to do so. If in answering an examination question the student discussed the matter from a more traditional standpoint than his own, I am sure he got full marks for it, if it was done well. It was always a privilege for us to look at truth with his eyes and to be broadened by contact with his generous sympathies. Even if we have not adopted his opinion on many things we are more Catholic in spirit and more genial and sympathetic towards different types of thought because we were his students.

*As a Friend.*

To speak of him as a friend is perhaps the most difficult part of my task. All men of strongly marked character have pronounced likes and dislikes and he was much more strongly drawn to some than to others. And as was natural it was not always easy to see on what qualities his preferences were based. But one thing was clear: his

friendship was not one that constantly bedewed its object with much laudatory rain. It often spoke in a tone of censure and inflicted faithful if somewhat painful wounds. Weaknesses, mannerisms, failure in duty, neglect of opportunities were pressed home on heart and conscience with great straightforwardness and honesty. He was a fine father confessor for a Protestant pastor to have and he acted in that capacity to many. His questions when he met his old students were such as these: "What books are you reading?" "What line of special studies are you taking up now?" "What do you think of —?" mentioning some living theme or public question. After a few minutes conversation with him one was impressed with the mighty possibilities of life and left him condemned by his own conscience for misusing them.

But he was not merely a critical preceptor, he had a fund of kindly, sympathetic appreciation in his heart. He was stronger and deeper in the region of the emotions than was generally supposed. Many of us were surprised at the fountain of tender feeling that his great sorrow uncovered. Many touching instances are told among his friends of his sympathy with misfortune, especially with lads who were victims of accidents similar to that which befell him in early life. Of his kindnesses to students in distress, of the number and extent of his benefactions, many of them where no eye but the Master's saw him, of the slaves of vice lifted to a new and higher life by his patient personal efforts, no mention can be made. I am sure he would wish them to be all left to the true Appraiser of human conduct.



*As an Administrator.*

Such was the Principal's astonishing versatility that he might have attained eminent success in almost any department of mental activity into which he had chosen to throw himself. If he had put his time and strength into authorship the books which he did write amid many pressing engagements show us what he might have achieved. The cast of his mind would have enabled him to add some important and lasting contributions to theological science. If he had entered the political arena he would have rivalled Sir John A. Macdonald in the affections of his countrymen and in the mark he would have left on this Dominion.

But it was as an administrator of the affairs of this University that his real greatness was shown. When he became Principal he at once saw that a great expansion of the institution was necessary if it was to justify its existence. Indeed, his predecessor had seen that and had resigned because he felt physically unequal to the task. I do not need to recite in this presence how amply the hopes of the trustees and of the senate were fulfilled. With what intensity of spirit and indomitable energy he flung himself into the task of obtaining financial aid, a task by no means so easy for him or congenial to him as some have supposed. When the first endowment scheme was completed within so short a time, he rose at once into that position in the affectionate admiration of the friends of Queen's which he ever afterwards held. But he knew even when he was listening to their plaudits that for him the period of toil and sacrifice had only barely

When we consider all the limita-

tions of the constituency to which he had to appeal, the magnitude of the task he undertook will be more clearly seen, and the success which he achieved more fully estimated. The ever extending needs of the University were a constant drain on the fertility of his resources and on his physical strength. The very success which had crowned his earlier efforts laid new and growing burdens upon him.

It was no wonder that at times when his keen perspicacity outlined the problems of the future and its possible and very real dangers, he was tormented with many anxious fears. But of these very little sign ever appeared on the surface. His cheerful, buoyant hopefulness inspired those who worked with him. The stern, determined courage of his Celtic ancestors often stood him in good stead in those dark days. With unflinching resolution he set himself to face the struggle and believed that whatever men dared he could do. The intense mental activity and ceaseless toil which his administrative work entailed are known only to those who were intimate with him. When he reached a town on a visit, the minister of the place got a glimpse of the tenor of his daily life. He visited a number of the leading men in regard to questions of finance, or to interest them in certain departments of University work. These were not merely social calls, but interviews whose purpose required an intensity of thought and a dialectic skill which would soon have exhausted an ordinary man. He had often to see their wives and go over all the ground with them and enlist their sympathy in his plans. He generally visited the High School and

gave an address to the pupils on some educational or literary theme and arranged interviews with prospective students. In the evening he preached at a preparatory service or gave a public lecture under the auspices of some society in the place. After the public meeting was over he generally had several interviews with men who were waiting for him or whom he could not see during the day. And amid all this activity he had to consider and solve the constantly changing problems of the University's progress, as well as to keep himself in touch with the onward march of intellect around him.

While this work continued he had not much time to read books but he was constantly reading men. In the morning after such a day as I have described while waiting for breakfast his eye would light on some new volume and a few well directed questions would draw from his host the plan and purport of it and an hour or two afterwards with the book would enable him to grasp its salient points much better than many a man who had laboriously plodded through it.

No doubt it was the intense activity and the load of care that he constantly carried, though he did not show it, that sapped the foundations of his vitality at a comparatively early age. And it was not greatly to be wondered at, although every friend of Queen's must profoundly regret it, that one of the very strongest and most resourceful of men in our Dominion shrank from taking up his work.

As an administrator he made mistakes, at least some men think he did. And doubtless it is easy for those who have no adequate conception of the position in which he was placed to

think that his course might have sometimes been wiser. Amidst all the intricate questions and opposing interests with which he had to deal and with the limited financial resources of the University constantly pressing like a dead weight upon his soul, it would have required superhuman power to have made no mistakes.

If an outsider might be pardoned for suggesting it, I think he did not sufficiently develop the executive ability and the administrative gifts of his colleagues, at least in the earlier years of his Principalship. He was surrounded by a band of men of more than ordinary teaching power, and I suppose he thought that the interests of the University would be best served by leaving them free to pursue their studies and perfect their system of communicating truth. He seemed willing to bear the whole burden of providing its finances and shaping its policy, and they seemed willing to let him. He was such a masterful man that perhaps they could not do otherwise. It was a happy thing that in these last years some stepped forward to help him, but the work in which he was engaged is not one that can be taken up in a day.

*As a Patriot.*

If a number of men who knew this Dominion well had each been asked to mention half a dozen Canadians who stood first in the estimation of their countrymen, I think the Principal's name would have had a place in every list. He was the most distinctive Canadian that many of us ever knew, the most characteristic embodiment of that new national spirit, that feeling of self-reliant independence which has grown up in this land within the last few years. With the

growth of this new nationalism he had not a little to do. Because it was the reflection of his own spirit he was able to influence others in this direction. I confess that for years I regarded his ultra Canadianism with a measure of good natured humour, but I have now come to regard this young country of ours with something of the same fervent love and of the same intense admiring hopefulness which characterized him. How he did love its mountain ranges, its vast prairies, its islands, and even its long stretches of barren land full of mineral wealth. Thirty years ago he looked forward to the time when these desolate places would be the busy haunts of a large population, and he lived to see his dream dwarfed by the reality. But he loved this land not for what he or others could make out of it, but for this, that it furnished a new arena for the development of noble character. He regarded it as the last clear field given by a beneficent Creator in which the children of men could have scope, untrammelled by ancient institutions, to work out the best ideas derived from the experience of the past. On the north side of the St. Lawrence and along the plains and mountain ranges of the west there was to rise out of the different nationalities which have found a home here, one homogeneous, powerful, intellectual people, a new race of a distinct type, which would maintain the honour and the best traditions of Britain, but would also make new and most important contributions to the world's progress. The new, plastic institutions of this young nation were to be moulded into shapes of ethical beauty and into instruments of spiritual power by men of noble and unselfish souls. Canada,

he believed, would show older nations new and more honourable ways of solving the old problems of statecraft and of working out the higher destinies of man. The state is a department of the Kingdom of God, and is worthy of being served and adorned by personal sacrifice and deep, loving devotion.

In the light of his life I think we can see that it is not a Christian course to leave the moulding of our country in the hands of those who are interested in its policy only for financial reasons. Much less ought it to be placed in the power of the weak and the unworthy, or of the unscrupulous and openly wicked. No nobler spheres for the overflow of a young man's mental activity can be found than the church where he can labor in spiritual work with those of his own views; and the state where his horizon is widened by communion with all good men in the moral and intellectual advancement of his nation and the education and consolidation of humanity.

Like every public, courageous and aggressive man, our master and friend was subjected to much criticism. How far it was justified the future will speak more authoritatively than the present. He was not unfrequently accused of being too apt a student of the old Roman policy, "*Rem facias rem, si possis recte, si non, quocumque modo rem.*" Great gifts dedicated to one all-absorbing aim bring large opportunities but they also bring great temptations, temptations which lesser men can scarcely understand.

We are all far from claiming for him exemption from the common frailties of humanity. But of these I have no heart to speak, nor would you care to hear. The holy calm into

which he has entered has cast its sacredness back over his life and it becomes us, his fellow transgressors, to leave his sins with his Saviour. It is not possible for us to speak or even to think with absolutely judicial impartiality of one whom we have loved, who has done us incalculable service, and up to whom we have always looked with some degree of admiration. Our affection and esteem must always transfigure him with a halo of ideal grandeur and cast the shadings of human weakness entirely into the background.

To rear a suitable memorial to the worthy dead is to confer a benefit on the living. The monument which preserves the name constantly reminds us of how much we are indebted to the past and keeps us in communion with the spirit and ideals of our departed brethren. Amid the trials and bitter disappointments of the present it sets before us in visible symbol the assurance that no earnest self-forgetful life has been lived in vain, and it throws around our spirits some measure of peace from the eternal years. The monument whose foundations have been laid will be one appropriate to the spirit and aims of him whose name it bears. It most fitly associates his memory with those ceremonial occasions in this University when the results of its sessional work are summed up and its honours bestowed. The completion of it will be a sacred trust which those who have begun it will doubtless faithfully discharge. We trust it may long stand to afford opportunity for the citizens of Kingston and visitors from all parts of our Dominion to have communion with this institution in its work of quickening intellectual life, stimulating genius

and rewarding merit in this young land.

May it long serve to perpetuate the name which this University delights to honour and to remind the generations that are to come that here there once lived and labored and suffered and died a fearless, original and powerful man!

#### THE UNVEILING OF THE MEMORIAL TABLET.

When Professor Ross had completed his address, the Chancellor called upon Mr. Wallace to introduce the second important ceremony of the day.

#### MR. WALLACE.

Among the many tributes to our late lamented Principal, that have been and are still being paid by public men and by the Church, the students of Queen's University would offer theirs. There is no community or body of persons who feel the loss of Principal Grant more than do the students of this University. He may be missed by the community in general because of his prophetic insight into public affairs, by the Trustees of this University because of his wise counsels, and by the Senate because of his tried leadership; but he is missed by us because of all these qualities and others. He was our King. We admired and honoured him. It would hardly be too much to say we were hero worshippers and Principal Grant was our hero.

When he represented us before the public or debated the issues of the day by speech or by pen we were always proud of him. When we met him in the class-room we admired him for his lucidity, simplicity and definiteness as a teacher. Above all as our

Principal who presided over us, and went in and out among us, we loved him for the strength which was combined in him with gentleness and generosity. Born as he was to rule, he never disregarded a request from us, and even when our request could not be granted we always felt the refusal was due to his wise consideration for our own best interests. Even his rebuke, decided as it sometimes was, was only kindness in a sterner form.

He treated us as men, and ever tried to cultivate in us that reverence for self, which prevents a man from stooping to a low or mean deed. His unflagging zeal, fearless courage, and singleness and unselfishness of purpose have been a continual inspiration to us, and have tended to develop in us that spirit of self-reliance which he himself possessed in so eminent a degree.

Such was our Principal to us, "the elements so mixed in him, that nature might stand up and say to all the world, this was a man." In token therefore of what Principal Grant has been and still is to us, and as a slight mark of our appreciation and sense of loss, we beg you, sir, Mr. John McIntyre, K.C., as an old friend of the Principal, to unveil this tablet, and as representative of the Board of Trustees to accept it from the Alma Mater Society and give it the prominent place it now occupies in this Hall.

MR. M'INTYRE.

On behalf of the Trustees of Queen's University I accept this tablet as an additional tribute of your affection for the late venerated Principal. In his lifetime, and amidst the activities of these academic halls, his vigour and tireless energy were ever

an inspiration to you, the tranquillity of the tomb does not appear to have weakened, as it could not, the remembrance of his lofty example. We shall look upon this tablet as another visible expression of your admiration for your teacher, counsellor, friend.

Your reference in the inscription to the single building suggests a reminiscence which I may be pardoned for noting. I recollect very well the arrival of Principal Grant in the city twenty-five years ago, on St. Andrew's Day, 1877. He was escorted by the Alma Mater Society—a very much smaller body than it now is—from the station through the streets of Kingston to the house of the beloved Professor McKerras, on Johnston street, on the steps of which he addressed a large concourse of students and citizens. In the following week he was installed as Principal in the City Hall. With the unquenchable zeal which was ever his characteristic, he proceeded to develop his plans. In the following Spring a meeting of the citizens of Kingston assembled in the City Hall to devise measures for the establishment of Queen's College on a firmer basis. The Principal invited me to be the chairman of that meeting, as I happened to be the Mayor of the City for that year, 1878. At that meeting the subscriptions were started which resulted in the erection of this building, the gift of the citizens of Kingston. The corner stone was laid in the following spring by her Royal Highness the Princess Louise. That building is the first of the six buildings referred to in your inscription.

Your reference to the famous architect of the grand old English Cathedral is therefore most apposite, and I

may be allowed to make even an earlier comparison, and point to these surroundings, and to the Principal's work for Kingston, for Canada and for the Empire as his monument more enduring than brass. You have referred to the manifold characteristics which have made him part and parcel of Canadian history for the past quarter of a century.

"His life was gentle, and the elements

So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up,

And say to all the world, this was a man."

Let us then, at the shrine of our illustrious departed, remember our responsibilities as students, professors, trustees, citizens. Let us renew our resolutions to stand by this institution in this the signal hour of her bereavement and loss. I know that our late Principal, if his voice could now be heard, would proclaim in emphatic tones, "Up and be doing—weeping may endure for a night; a stop to inaction and reverie." Let us imbibe his spirit and act as the worthy inheritors of his zeal and ambition. At the same time and amidst the solemnities of this requiem service, it is so human, and because so human so appropriate, that within these walls, which have so frequently rung with the strong, manly, eloquent voice now silenced, we should breathe the long-ing aspiration:

"O, for the touch of a vanished hand  
And the sound of a voice that is still."

The tablet which now rests under the portrait of our late Principal, bears the following inscription:

"In loving memory of George Monro Grant, D.D., LL.D., C.M.G. Born in Nova Scotia, Dec. 22nd, 1835.

Principal of this University from Dec. 5th, 1877, till his death, May 10th, 1902. Author, teacher, speaker and administrator he was eminent alike in the educational world, in the church and in public affairs. His manly character, fearless love of truth and untiring service to Queen's University were a constant inspiration to the students. Under his wise guidance, the University prospered greatly, having grown from one single building to the present six forming the quadrangle, and having increased three-fold its teaching staff and six-fold the number of its students. "*Si monumentum requiris circumspice.*" Erected by the Alma Mater Societv, Nov. 6th, 1902."

#### THE ADDRESS OF PREMIER ROSS.

The Hon. G. W. Ross was the last speaker, and as he arose he was greeted with marked applause. He esteemed it a very high honour, he said, to be invited to take part in the memorial service, and was glad to be present to bear testimony to what Principal Grant had done for education and for Canada. Proceeding, he said:

"Principal Grant was a great educationalist. I do not speak of his work as Principal of Queen's University—that speaks for itself. These halls and corridors are still resonant with his voice. The stately pile of buildings on the campus tells the story of his untiring energy and his capacity for rousing into activity the lag-gard generosity of his countrymen. I think it might be fairly said that Principal Grant refounded Queen's University, or to use a scriptural expression, under him Queen's was "born again." He gave her hands to help herself in the sense she never could before. He gave force and expression

to her views in the Educational Councils of the country. He secured for her an income by which she can spend her life in ease and comfort, all her working days, and with reasonable endowments for old age. He enlarged greatly the circle of her friends and acquaintances. He fortified her by a Mining School of great usefulness. He filled her various Chairs with the best talent available, at home or abroad, and he sent annually from her halls a host of graduates filled with enthusiasm for her prosperity. In these respects, Principal Grant bears the stamp of educational statesmanship for initiative as well as for executive ability.

Principal Grant's views of the kind of education best suited for the Canadian people were quite pronounced. He was not a specialist, as that term is generally understood. His rule was first, generalize, then when you have discovered your aptitudes, specialize. He always, so far as I knew, (and I think I knew his opinions well), believed that education is breadth, not narrowness, that the majority of men have to adjust themselves to a variety of conditions in life and so their education should anticipate these conditions. I do not mean to say that Principal Grant did not consider specialization an important part of University work, but he thought the first duty of the University was to provide a comprehensive course of instruction for the many, placing specialization more in the field of post-graduate work than in the regular course of study. Even in the matter of elective studies I always felt the Principal held somewhat conservative views. A University, in his judgment, represented a certain stand-

ard of culture which he claimed could not be divorced from the study of the classical languages. Oxford and Cambridge, though in some respects slow in adapting themselves to modern conditions, represented his ideal of a great University better than Harvard or Cornell, and in this view I believe he is simply sustained by the record in literary circles of those two ideals of scholarship.

With all his anxiety for the improvement of an Arts' course on literary lines, Principal Grant had a keen perception of the practical advantages to the student and to the country of the study of the sciences. It was this conviction that led to the establishment of a Mining School within easy reach of the University. It was this conviction that extended the old laboratories of Queen's, and it is through the practical working out of this conviction that you are able to gather in this city a class of young men whose knowledge of Geology, Mineralogy and Metallurgy has already done a good deal towards the development of the natural resources of the Province. Technical education in its higher departments of study is the pioneer of those great commercial enterprises which demand constant improvement in transportation, cheap methods for the utilization of the waste products of our factories and our mines and of bringing to our doors, at the lowest cost, the raw material of all our industries. I expect the next twenty years will furnish abundant proof that technical education in all its branches, high and low, is the handmaid of real prosperity and progress.

Principal Grant was a great Canadian—and I do not use the word "great" in the sense of being richly



PREMIER ROSS.



endowed intellectually, although I intend it to have that significance. I use it rather in the sense that he always labored to impress upon Canadians the greatness of their own country and its institutions. Two phases of that purpose were most striking in his career: (1) he believed in the union of British North America under one Government, and, secondly, in the equality of all races and creeds under that government. At the time of Confederation Principal Grant was a resident of his native Province, Nova Scotia, and notwithstanding the opposition by the majority of the people of that Province to the federal compact, he never hesitated to declare his unbounded faith in the possibilities of the union proposed. To him separation meant weakness if not extinction. The larger horizon which the Dominion afforded to our people he regarded as essential to our national development, and during the years that elapsed since that union was accomplished, few voices were more potent than his in the assertion that the Canadian people were equal to every obligation which their new constitution imposed upon them, whether it was the development of the resources of the country or the settlement of internal strife, or the assertion of their own rights, or the peaceful administration of their own affairs. If any problem affecting the well-being of the country had to be solved, he had the courage to face it with a view to its solution. In the words of Dr. Dillon in a recent article in the "Contemporary Review," he assumed "it is not ours to sit still and idly watch for evolution to do our work: we are evolution." And in that spirit he sought so to steady public opinion as to secure a rational solu-

tion for every problem that confronted him in Church or State.

Again there were few men in Canada who realized more fully than did Principal Grant the future possibilities of Canada. Perhaps many have forgotten that thirty years ago he travelled from ocean to ocean with the distinguished Chancellor of this University, who was then Chief Engineer of the Public Works Department of the Dominion, to make a flying survey of the proposed route for the Canadian Pacific Railway. In his interesting narrative of that expedition he tells us that he left Halifax on the 1st of July and reached Victoria on the 11th of October, having travelled in all 5,314 miles, 2,185 miles of which were by waggon or saddle and 485 by canoes or row boats. The distance from Halifax to Victoria was accomplished in 103 days, and as an illustration of the progress made by Canada the same distance can now be overtaken in almost as many hours. As an instance of his enthusiasm for the country, which he had seen from sea to sea, permit me to quote his own epitome of the journey:

"We travelled from the sea-pastures and coal-fields of Nova Scotia and the forests of New Brunswick, almost from historic Louisburg up the St. Lawrence to historic Quebec; through the great Province of Ontario, and on lakes that are really seas; by copper and silver mines so rich as to recall stories of the Arabian Nights, though only the rim of the land has been explored; on the chain of lakes where the Ojibbeway is at home in his canoe, to the great plains where the Cree is equally at home on his horse; through the prairie Province of Manitoba, and rolling meadows and park-like coun-

try, equally fertile, out of which a dozen Manitobas shall be carved in the next quarter of a century; along the banks of rivers full-fed from the exhaustless glaciers of the Rocky Mountains, and watering the 'great lone land'; over illimitable coal measures and deep woods; on to the mountains which open their gates, more widely than to our wealthier neighbors to lead us to the Pacific; down deep gorges filled with mighty timber, and rivers whose ancient deposits are gold beds, sands like those of Pactolus and channels choked with fish; on to the many harbors of mainland and island, that look right across to the old Eastern Thule 'with its rosy pearls and golden-roofed palaces,' and open their arms to welcome the swarming millions of Cathay; over all this we had travelled, *and it was all our own.*"

And then with a burst of enthusiasm he exclaimed, "Thank God, we have a country." And may we not add to this expression of the Principal: Where is there another country on the globe to which this description would apply?

But I said that Principal Grant also believed in the equality of every race and creed under our constitution. How could he be a great Canadian if this were not a cardinal article of his creed. In a mixed community no nationality can assert an exclusive right to the prerogatives of government. Where all share in its burdens as well as in its privileges, all should have equal rights in its administration. Justice is not born of human lineage. Her reign is universal and any people or class who attempt to monopolize her privileges do so at the peril of their own liberty.

It was in this spirit that Principal Grant demanded for all races and creeds equality under the law. And how much of bitterness and hate and prejudice the adoption of this principle would remove. How much theological and political and racial, and even academical contention, would give way before its benign influence and how cheerfully would the children of a common Father bear life's burdens if they could only believe that neither creed nor race gives them precedence over each other.

Principal Grant was a great Imperialist, and this sentiment was founded upon his Canadianism. As the union of all the British Provinces was, to his mind, the central force of Canadian greatness, so the union of all its Colonies was the central force of the British Empire. Imperialism did not mean the sacrifice of autonomy or the surrender of any privilege of self-government which we possessed. Imperialism as promulgated by Principal Grant simply meant the orderly arrangement of all the forces of the empire around the Mother Country for the advancement of a common civilization, and if need be, the defence of common liberty. Thirty years ago he wrote, after his trip across the continent, already referred to: "Only one course is possible consistent with the self-respect that alone gains the respect of others. That is to seek in the consolidation of the Empire a common Imperial citizenship with common responsibilities, and a common inheritance." Who should say that such aspirations should not command the sympathy of every British subject the world over? And so with these thoughts I leave the memory of our friend not to the tablet upon this wall

for that time will corrode, but to this splendid monument of stone and mortar which surrounds us—that, too, will vanish and decay—I leave it to the pen of the historian, and to those mysterious forces

“Whose echoes roll from soul to soul

Forever and forever.”

It was said that no general ever left the presence of Lord Chatham without feeling that he was thereafter a braver man. No Canadian can study Principal Grant's career without feeling that he was a worthy son to “the manor born,” and that his character will bear imitation in its breadth, its toleration and its enthusiasm, in all that pertains to the honour and glory of the nation.

Premier Ross resumed his seat amid great applause, and the benediction by Dr. Jordan closed the proceedings of a day long to be remembered in the history of Queen's.



W. L. GRANT, M.A.

The only surviving member of the family.

#### A PERSONAL TRIBUTE.

Being an address delivered at a Union Meeting of the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A., Friday evening, November 7th, by Professor Dyde.

A T a time when the authorities of the University are holding a public memorial service, and with visible signs of mourning draping this Hall, I need offer no apologies for speaking to you about our departed Principal, whom all, who knew him even slightly, esteemed; whom all who knew him well, honoured and loved. Who of us can come up the little hill at the Arch Street entrance to the College grounds and pass by the shuttered windows without thinking of him who lived there? Who of us cannot yet see his familiar figure with the mortar board and red tassel? Who of us can sit in this room, even if we do not turn our eyes to the portrait, without hearing again his well-known voice? It is hard to believe that the Principalship of Queen's is vacant, or at least hard to reconcile ourselves to the fact. When a great man passes away there is a silence of the ordinary sounds and a darkness which hides from our sight ordinary objects, and in the silence and darkness every sensitive mind seeks to disencumber itself of some of its own pettiness and to be more worthy of spiritual fellowship with him whom we call dead. He is not really dead, we know, but passed to be with those whom we as a University look up to, whose words we study in our classrooms. Only for a little while it is hard to turn ourselves away from his tomb.

An account of the Principal's life I have no intention of giving, but, as I have known him almost since the day he came to Queen's, took his classes as a student, taught under him for 13 years, during six of which I was his

neighbor, I have had the privilege of his acquaintance and the greater privilege of his friendship, and would like to pay to his memory what tribute I can.

In the summer of 1879, I think it was, the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church convened in Ottawa, and one of its distinguished members, having overworked himself in raising money for Queen's, was in bed in St. Andrew's Church manse there, a little used up. The pastor of the Church at that time was the Rev. D. W. Gordon, now Professor Gordon of Halifax Presbyterian College, a tried friend of Queen's, and the sick man was Queen's new Principal. I was preparing for matriculation at Queen's at the time and, student-like, wanted to ask a question not about Homer or Virgil, but about the Classics papers. These papers were set by Professor MacKerras, another of the men whose names are carved in Queen's honour roll, and he required the candidate to connect the Greek or Latin word with its earlier Sanskrit form, a point on which, needless to say, even the High School teacher was none too well informed. When my \*guide reached the manse and learned that Principal Grant was ill, he prepared to leave, but was prevented by the Principal himself, who called down in a voice which sickness had not then been able to subdue, that we were to come upstairs. Then for the first time I saw the chief of this University rubbing his hair behind his ears, as was his wont in a moment of hesitation, and laughingly admitted that he, too, was nonplussed over the question.

That was my first glimpse of the Principal's pent-house brow, his subtle measuring eye, his columnar neck, a Hercules in his capacity of toil and interest in his college, a more than Hercules in his clearness of judgment. Later on in his life the trustees of Queen's, fully aware long before of the priceless value of their Principal's work, ordered him to take an extended ocean trip, that he might recover from an illness brought on by another arduous campaign in behalf of his college; and almost at the very last, when an operation had, as the doctors said, resurrected him, he was heard to murmur a prayer for another chance—another chance to work for the much-loved University! Most of us are hero-worshippers at heart, and so in our imagination the halo gathers quickly round the honoured head which is removed from our bodily sight. But we must resist the temptation to deify the Principal, and must rather think of him as tempted like other men, and thus by keeping our minds clear of undisciplined sentiment may understand what a man can be.

Many a student scene comes back to me freshly yet, illustrating different sides of the Principal's character. In the days when all students were supposed to wear academic costume, not only in the College halls but within the University grounds, the Principal one day touched my shoulder from behind and pointing to my felt hat, said: "That's a strange college cap you have on!" Another time after class he took me quietly aside and told me that the class-room was not the proper place to pare one's nails, illustrating, both in what he said and in his considerate way of saying it, not only his sense of order, but his gentle-

\*Rev. Mr. Gavin he was, a high-minded citizen of Ottawa, and a familiar figure on its streets. He took a deep interest in the young men of the city, and it gives us pleasure to mention his name here.

manly instincts. He nothing common did or mean, even when he, already broken by the ravages of the disease which finally carried him off, while discussing, it may be, some public question, stooped with an exertion visible to the onlooker to pluck a dandelion or pick up a chip or turf and carry it carefully into the house to be burned. It was the way of a man who never thought that attention to details was beneath his place.

From these illustrations you must not gather that he tithed mint, anise and cummin to the neglect of weightier matters. Many a one of you could duplicate my own experience, when he, taking me one day along the shore of our beautiful lake, advised me to continue the study of the classics; he, the Principal of the University, with his own students in theology to claim his thought, had yet a direct interest in the career of a student in arts. Here is another incident containing elements of the heroic. On one occasion the vast majority of the students in arts felt that their holiday at Christmas had been unduly shortened, and decided to stay away for some days from class. The faculty heard of the plan and were known to object to it—and excitement ran high. In the class-room now occupied by Dr. Knight in the Medical building, the students had gathered in secret conclave, when the Principal pale but determined opened the door and entered the room. The dust which rests upon the rights and wrongs of that little trouble I have no intention of disturbing, but wish merely to portray a scene. The promiscuous crowd of students standing round in groups (there were no seats), and one or two of the leaders on the platform, the

Principle an unwelcome visitor, quietly but firmly stating the case from the standpoint of the University authorities. What wiser course could he have pursued than to treat the students as reasonable men? Many a time have we seen him presenting to an audience unpalatable views, but never have I seen him more simple and manly than he was that day. The performance of such unpleasant duties we learned to expect from him, or we expected it from no one else.

He was greater than his office and never afraid to be natural. More than once has he laughingly told how the little denizens of Deacon street would run to him as they saw him coming to find out if there were any candies in his box. To their cheery "Hello!" he answered almost invariably with a cordial "Good morning!" recognized as one of the number and yet instinctively suggesting to them a true courtesy. Ont little girl, as I know, and more than one, I am morally certain, when the crape was put upon the door, sobbed as if her heart would break because she would never see the Principal again. When a visitor called he never looked blankly up as though absorbed in his own thought. It is true that he was sparing of his time, and indeed careful also of the time of his visitor, but while with you he was at your service unreservedly, it made no difference who you were. I have known him listen to me with an attention out of all proportion to the value of what I had to say.

How can I tell you of the way he filled his office? His acquaintance with and interest in the students were unequalled. He followed closely the fortunes of every athletic team, eager



THE PRINCIPAL IN HIS STUDY.



THE FAMILY GROUP, 1890.

that it should win, but determined that it should play an honourable game. No figure was more familiar in the football line than his; no one was more desirous than he of getting near the game; no one more concerned that discipline should be respected. Though he desired victory, he placed above victory the untarnished reputation of a true sportsman.

What generous assistance he always gave to all students' societies, urging in the different Christian associations, both the value of high ideals and also the strong claims of things as they are, and when a college debate was up, generously explaining his own methods and drawing from a varied experience. He knew the calendar and was alert to help any student in difficulty over his course. The power which makes a calendar is a power which can break it, and sometimes he surprised even the least circumspect member of Senate by the boldness with which he threw all calendar regulations to the winds, when they seemed to him to be clearly unable to meet the case.

He kept his hand on all departments of the University, not simply interested in but forming plans for medicine, arts and science, as well as theology. In fact as well as in name he was our head and guide. If he neglected anything it was himself.

He was well aware that he college belonged to the general social order. He was deeply interested in the church with which Queen's is historically connected, no one more quickly than he seeing its needs and shaping its policy. Home and foreign missions both received his support, French evangelization alone finding little favour in his eyes, both because of his

large patriotism and because he felt it to be almost a crime for Christian to seek to proselytize Christian, when so much real work was being left undone. He was ever alert to co-operate as far as was possible with other Christian denominations, and in this regard will be greatly missed, few men in Canada having the necessary ardour and tact to carry out such delicate pioneer work. His liberal views were shown in the character of the Sunday afternoon addresses, the Theological Alumni Conferences and denominational standing of the men to whom this College has offered its honorary D.D. degree.

His service to the country at large I cannot profess to estimate. His desire to know our big country intimately from ocean to ocean was only an indication of his deep interest in the welfare of Canada, material and spiritual. Moreover, the sea was only a bond of union connecting the mother land with her vigorous young blood. But he had genuine faith in some sovereign good for all mankind, and so his Imperialism never took the offensive form of offering to fight the world in arms, but rather the form of the best political instrument for benefitting the race.

And then he understood the place occupied by any living college in the world of intelligence. He knew that every professor ought to be a personal friend of those whom Ruskin calls the great dead, and that here every student ought to form with them a life-long friendship. He was aware too, that the behavior of the colleges in this regard determined in considerable measure the status of our country amongst the civilized peoples of the world. Often has he pointed out that the object of a university was not pri-

marily to impart information but to inculcate a standard by which to distinguish what was really true and excellent from what was true and excellent only in appearance. All through his after life the student who had become imbued with the genuine university spirit would never lose sight of this difference, would be slow to burn incense before a false shrine, and would seek to keep some moments, however few, at least once a week, in which to perpetuate and renew his intimacy with the real blue-blood and true aristocrats of the world. The College ought to be a gateway into this spirit world. If it were not it would be better that it should not exist at all—and the Principal, severely honest, unflinchingly loyal to truth, dared to put the question whether Queen's had this ultimate right to exist or not. But if the college were the means by which great thoughts and high aims were impressed upon the students, little else mattered in comparison. The Principal was fond of saying that two men sitting one on each end of a log might be a college, and stone buildings, fine library, expensive apparatus and imposing staff might not. In two ways he acted on this idea. First, as Principal, he sought to make strong the real centre of the University, namely the Arts Faculty, and in the second place as teacher in theology he raised to life the heroes of ancient Israel. Anyone who was fortunate enough to have heard him lecture on the prophets and seen his eye kindle and face light up might be excused for thinking that the generation of the prophets was not yet extinct.

And now a word or two on some of the elements of his inspiring personality. His generosity in money mat-

ters, his unflagging effort to influence public sentiment, or as Principal Caven well expressed it, to tone up the public conscience by pulpit, press and platform, all these things were only the outer marks of a permanent and fundamental faith—his trust in the increasing reasonableness of men and goodness of the world. Remarkable, and indeed in my experience unique, was his habit of siding with your better self against your inferior self, the self which was expressed in your usual acts and utterances. Often without direct criticism and by a seemingly simple word or two the more conventional standard of social intercourse was removed, and a higher standard introduced. So persistently did he dwell in this region of intellectual and moral honesty that much hard and, I may say, nasty work was placed in his hands. Friendship was therefore with him a more real and deeper thing than it commonly is. In ordinary friendship there is often a weak acceptance of the other's ideas, suppression of one's own convictions, or absence of all occasion to form convictions, in short no real mental or moral growth. But Principal Grant could not accept friendship on that basis, and man of the world though he was and deep in affairs, had a strangely simple and unsullied mind. Placed in a position of public responsibility and dealing with complex social forces he was subject to temptations which others do not experience. What would have destroyed many another good man's character only served like a well built ship, he could show his fibre best when there blew a gale. Some day the purity of his purpose will be ranked as high as the admitted clearness of his judgment. I do not



well know what it is which makes a prophet, but one mark of a prophet is that he can say "Thus saith the Lord," by which I mean that he unfailingly insists upon a high ideal of thought and action; and in that sense no man I have ever known has a better right to the name.

And this unusual and unselfish generosity and honesty he exercised in public also. That was why he never feared to be in a minority, never hesitated, intrepid general as he was. He led a forlorn hope. He always looked ahead to the time when worth and truth would win, and win in the sense of being accepted. Hence he turned minorities into majorities by his trust in the sober second thought, the concealed but real though often inoperative better judgment of a popular assembly. By drawing this their better self out of its retreat he made many a meeting ashamed to act otherwise than in an outspoken and manly way.

Hence this generosity and simplicity of action was closely akin to the wide vision of the statesman. A statesman, if I am not mistaken, must be wisely optimistic, must not only believe in the right but see how, even in difficult times, to keep the way clear for its ultimate triumph—and these two qualities the Principal possessed in a wonderful perfection of balance. With a great deal of the ardour of the reformer went a clear grasp of the immediate obstacles to be overcome. Some have the ardour and lack the clear sight and in their intemperate zeal destroy without being able to build. Some have a clear apprehension of the problem but no prophetic impulse and compound with forces which they cannot stem. The Prin-

cipal was neither rash nor despairing, but kept steadily on, never doubting clouds would break and indeed dispersing them by the very vigour of his faith. That is what constitutes a true statesman, and in the place in which he moved, and the position which he carved out for himself he manifested these qualities in a most striking degree. When others slept he stood as sentinel guarding the college or the country against evils and dangers which most of us were too blind even to see. Gladly but quietly he gave up heart's ease and bore the burden of our general weal, thus acting what Shakespeare well knew to be the part of a true king. Our king is gone, and after his life's toil and anxiety he sleeps in peace, but the interests which he had most at heart, can be conserved only by a continuance of his methods. At this critical time, when the Principalship is vacant and our honoured Vice-Principal has been temporarily laid aside, I would like not only those who are within the sound of my voice, but all who desire to honour the name of Principal Grant, to hold themselves more directly than ever before responsible for the institution for which he spent so much of his life. In the wide ranks of our Alma Mater and its phalanx of staunch friends, there are many, infected and inspired by him, ready to pick up and carry forward the standard which he held aloft so long and well. Since Moses is dead, it is we, trained in his camp and under his eye, who must go in and possess the land.

My young friends, with the death of Principal Grant, a loss whose extent we yet perhaps fail fully to gauge, one volume in the history of the college comes to an end. I ask you to

think seriously over the life recorded there and aim to make your own its high faith. If you do I have no fears for your future, the future of this university and the future of our country.

S. W. DYDE.

#### A TRIBUTE FROM THE LADIES.

AS we gathered to witness the laying of the corner stone, our feelings were surely both of joy and sorrow. What a day of triumph such a ceremony would have been to our beloved Principal! As the procession wended its way from the Senate room we, as students, first realized our loss. We miss him in the halls, but there beside our much-honoured Chancellor we missed him more than ever before. How many times we have seen him in that procession, his head reverently bowed as occasion warranted, or raised with a glowing countenance, shedding his wonderful smile on all around him, his measured and stately tread in his place of leadership, all bespeaking the man he was. But this is the first time his place is vacant—a place not easy to be filled—and one and all must have been impressed with the sense of our great loss and our great sorrow.

If the Principal showed one characteristic more than another we might say it was his great liberality in thought. Of this he was continually giving evidence from the time he entered upon his duties in Queen's until he was called from his labors to his eternal rest. One aspect of this concerns us most intimately. When he came here twenty-five years ago the higher education of women and such various questions connected with it, as co-education in the recognized colleges

of the country, and the fitness of women for professional and industrial careers, were discussed everywhere. At the inaugural lecture of the ninth session of the Montreal Ladies' Educational Association, in 1879, he expressed himself on the matter thus: "If it be true that in this world there is nothing great but man, and in man nothing great but mind, then to neglect the proper cultivation of the mind is sin against our highest interests.

\* \* \* Throw no obstacle in the way of those women who seek to develop and cultivate to the utmost their higher nature, intellectual, emotional and moral. Let them know that all the avenues and all the pages of knowledge are open to them; and that it is not unworthy of their sex to think and to hope."

On the matter of co-education he gave evidence of a similar liberal spirit in the same address, and answered objections thus: "The essential idea of college life is that students have attained to years of understanding and are to be trusted. Professors who cannot manage students on this principle have mistaken their vocation, and students who are strangers should be taken or sent home as soon as possible." This was the keynote of his treatment of students throughout—trust them, put them on their honor, make of them men and women. He believed that what we expect from men we will get from them and he was seldom disappointed.

In this as in everything he proved himself not merely a man of ideas but of action, for that same year two ladies—Misses Augusta Stowe and Elizabeth Smith (Mrs. Shortt),—having been successful in passing the matriculation examination before the

Council of Physicians and Surgeons, trusting to the liberal spirit of Queen's applied for admittance to classes in medicine, and the following spring the Medical Faculty opened classes for women, largely through the influence of Principal Grant. Since then, of course, those classes have been closed, but the fact that Queen's was the first to admit the ladies shows the characteristic spirit of the institution and its Principal. Following the example of the Medical Faculty, the following year ladies were admitted to the Arts Faculty. We need but mention the fact that the first lady graduate, in 1884—Miss Fitzgerald—received on her graduation day from the hands of our late Principal a memento-pin, to show the great interest Principal Grant took in the women students.

Nor did that interest flag. From the time they entered he proved the trusted friend and beloved Principal of every student. He and Mrs. Grant continually had the interests of the girls at heart, and many a plan was thought out and executed by them by which the girls might be benefitted. Not a few of the women graduates of Queen's can point back to the day when they first came to Kingston and the Principal himself piloted them around the city in search of a suitable boarding-house. Nothing was too much for him to do for them. His home was always open to them, and his sympathy always with them in their difficulties. The interest of both the Principal and Mrs. Grant in the girls of Queen's might well be termed parental.

None of us will forget our first meeting with him, how in a few fitly-chosen words he would make himself acquainted not only with ourselves,

but our home, our family and our past, Before that marvellously keen, yet wondrous kindly eye no *seeming* was permitted, but we were ourselves. He read our character, and we felt him reading it, but felt at the same time our ideals raised and our whole being ennobled. We felt our littleness, but were not discouraged; our weakness, but were inspired to better things; his very presence lifted us out of and beyond our meaner selves to a higher and ideal self.

His consideration for the girls was akin to his interest. Health is worth more than honours, and with this in view he would have wished the Arts course for them to extend over five years. He attended our little social functions and was always the most welcome of all our guests. He had the interests of our societies ever before him and our efforts, however small, were always duly appreciated.

He believed in few rules and regulations, but preferred rather to place us on our own responsibility, and now that he has gone we feel that responsibility more than ever. The college spirit of which he, with us, was so proud, and which he did so much to promote, must not wane. He has been called from us at a time when we all would have most wished him with us—as we enter our new buildings and, as it were, a new era in the history of our college. Now he would have us put our shoulders to the wheel as he once did, rejoicing in the strength that remains to us, and none of us could look at that procession without feeling with thankful hearts that though the chief has been called away we have great and strong leaders with us yet.

A favorite quotation of his we can aptly apply:

Then welcome each rebuff  
 That turns earth's smoothness rough,  
 Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand  
 but go;  
 Be our joys three-parts pain!  
 Strive, and hold cheap the strain;  
 Learn, nor account the pang; dare,  
 never grudge the throe!

We have received a great rebuff, but the greater the difficulty the greater the force and energy required, and let us do as he always did: face our difficulties like men. To the girls of Queen's this applies equally, for we have our part to play and let us do it as becometh true women of Queen's, as he whom we so greatly mourn would have us do. As his presence once did, may his memory now inspire us to realize the best that is within us:

"Thy converse drew us with delight,  
 The men of rathe and riper years,  
 The feeble soul, a haunt of fears,  
 Forgot his weakness in thy sight.

On thee the loyal-hearted hung,  
 The proud was half disarmed of  
 pride,

Nor cared the serpent at thy side  
 To flicker with his double tongue.

The stern were mild when thou wert  
 by,

The flippant put himself to school  
 And heard thee, and the brazen fool  
 Was softened, and he knew not why.

While I, thy nearest, set apart  
 And felt thy triumph was as mine;  
 And loved them more that they were  
 thine,

The graceful tact, the Christian art;  
 Nor mine the sweetness or the skill,  
 But mine the love that will not tire  
 And, born of love the vague desire  
 That spurs an imitative will."

#### A TRIBUTE FROM A COLLEAGUE AND FRIEND.

AS the editor of the Journal has kindly asked me to bear a small share in the Memorial Number, I shall state briefly my own impressions and feelings. Though my close connection with Queen's University is a matter of comparatively recent experience, I can claim to have stood in at least two different positions in relation to its late Principal, first, as a distant admirer, and later, as a colleague and friend. I can say in perfect sincerity that it was a privilege to have known George Monroe Grant, and an honour to have worked with him. He was a man of great capacity and wide range, of restless energy and fearless courage, of broad sympathies and high political wisdom. That a final critical estimate of his character and career would show that he had the "defects of his qualities" maybe conceded without doing dishonour to his memory. This brief article is not a critical judgment but the tribute of a friend, the testimony of one who feels that on the tenth of May last he suffered a personal bereavement. The removal of such a man is a loss to the community at large, and the blank left in the lives of those who really knew and loved him, is something that is not easily expressed in words. We had hoped that in recent years he might have spared himself a little, and that he would have continued some time longer as our chief, until he had seen the first fruit of those plans which he had sketched with such boldness and faith. That prayer was not granted, and as we look back with a sorrow that is free from bitterness we recognize that there was a fitness if not an absolute need of the soldier

dying at his post. Our hearts go out in grateful homage as we remember the unceasing labour, the heroic endurance, the patient suffering of the final years. "After life's fitful fever he sleeps well." May God give us strength to fulfil our vocation and meet the end with a faith as calm and as strong.

I had heard of Principal Grant as a leading churchman and as a man who took an interest in public affairs, the unsympathetic critic described him as a man who meddled in many things;

on the whole, I felt that the head of Queen's University was a remarkable man, possessing great strength and using his influence on behalf of a free broad view of life. When I afterwards heard him at the meetings of the General Assembly in St. John and London that impression was confirmed and deepened. The first time that I came into close contact with him was when he visited Strathroy five years ago to preach anniversary services. The visit was on his part a manifestation of unselfishness. He might fair-



Pictou Academy when Principal Grant attended.



Pictou Academy at present.



Glasgow University when Principal Grant attended.



Glasgow University at present.

ly have asked to be excused, and did make a suggestion to that effect, but when he knew that the disappointment would cause trouble and inconvenience to one who was at the time hampered by family affliction he gladly made the effort and rendered valuable service. His kindness in the home, and his interest in the varied life of the town was as much appreciated as his power in the pulpit. I had made a social experiment in the line of temperance work by assisting in a plan to provide a place of recreation for young men. The form that this took aroused the criticism and opposition of some who regarded themselves as the real guardians of temperance and religion. I was glad to find that it met with his approval and he showed himself as a man possessed of a consuming zeal for righteousness, but remarkably free from small fads. As a result of the meeting it was my destiny to be thrown into closer relationship with Queen's University and its Principal. I never ceased to admire his strength of character and sanity of judgment. There was difference of opinion as to details as there always must be, but one felt that the Principal looked at each man and his work from the point of view of the needs and interests of the whole institution. Any pressure that he brought to bear was not for his personal convenience or gain. If in any case he was exacting one felt that he did not spare himself. Reference has often been made to his ability to enter very largely into the special studies of other men, to appropriate and assimilate results with remarkable swiftness and accuracy, intelligence and sympathy. Illustrations might be given of that, but in this connection it is more satisfactory to remember that, in

the case of a man who did so much to broaden theological thought within his own church, this was a real movement of the heart and not a mere intellectual exercise. Distinctly do I remember his clear statement of the fact that the passage from all the older, stiffer views of the Bible to the larger, freer, more fruitful conceptions had been a painful process. That also was a way of the cross. Though impatient with conceited ignorance and ready to fight fierce, narrow bigotry, Principal Grant was sympathetic towards men who were perplexed by new problems, and who clung tenaciously to the old because they were fearful of real loss, and did not see that new discoveries had enlarged and glorified the germ of truth that was in the ancient tradition.

Hard battles he had to fight, the spirit of the soldier was in him and he seemed to be at his best when he met a foeman worthy of his steel. The original thinker and the courageous fighter must meet misunderstanding. Still there is something intensely painful in the popular misunderstanding of a good man. Men at a distance might think that his contempt for by-laws meant looseness and weakness rather than mighty faith in the inward life, or that his opposition to prohibition was a placing of vested interests above the needs of the tempted and the fallen, but surely that was either wilful prejudice or a sad mistake. He cared for the spiritual life of the young men committed to his care, and longed to see them so inspired with the spirit of reverence and faith that they would go forth to honour Jesus Christ in all departments of their life, and be real helpers of their fellowmen.

Recently I visited a congregation

some miles west of Kingston, and met a gentleman whose remembrance of the Principal was summed up in the quotation of his words: "I must keep track of my boys." The "boy" in this case was the minister who was glad that his teacher should still take an interest in him and watch his career. A little while after I was called to an interesting event a few miles east of our city, the mother of the family recalled the time when she went to Kingston to take her daughter to college and spoke gratefully of the Principal's kindness and his courtesy in leaving his work to show her where to find the Registrar. Many incidents of a like nature might easily be given. Principal Grant seemed sometimes to disparage "visiting" in his addresses at the Conference. By that he meant to warn men against frittering away time on the street that ought to be spent in the study. He himself was always acting the part of a good pastor.

One word more as to the wholeness and consistency of his life. It has always seemed to me that the varied aspects of his life, the great efforts into which he put his strength, efforts for the upbuilding of Queen's, for the unity of Canadian provinces, for the union of his own and other churches, for the consolidation of the scattered parts of the empire—that all these sprung from the same living faith in God and man. All forms of science, all sides of honest activity were for him parts of the one great revelation, aspects of the one eternal life. He would have been the last to claim perfection and we do not claim it for him. We would not desecrate his tomb by base, fulsome flattery, but those who knew him best believe that he was a man of large proportions, and, on the

whole, of noble life. His life was conditioned by the period in which his career was cast and in its precise form cannot be repeated, but the faith that he manifested bids us believe that Providence is not exhausted, that for our University and our country there is a great future if we show ourselves worthy of it. There will be larger work and new names but those who have lived nobly have not lived in vain.

W. G. JORDAN.

#### THE RESOLUTION PASSED BY THE ALMA MATER SOCIETY.

THE Alma Mater Society desire to put on record their deep sense of the heavy loss which the University in general and the student body in particular have sustained since the Society's last meeting in the death of our beloved Principal. Principal Grant's name can never cease to be identified with the name of Queen's. It may well be said of him that he found her brick, and left her marble. When he came here twenty-five years ago to enrich and vitalize her with the forces of his brilliant manhood her students numbered 150, her teaching staff about twenty; her accommodation consisted of the present Medical College and of the building which now serves as Professors' residences. This year, a few months after his death, the student roll promises to approach nine hundred, the teaching staff reckons over seventy persons, the campus is filled with commodious and imposing structures, his monument, which their true builder, alas! never lived to see completed, containing more than ten times the aggregate building space with which he began his work. This unexampled expansion was due to him far more than to any other single man.

Queen's has risen to her present eminence through the unstinted devotion with which he lavished his splendid powers upon her elevation; she has grown to greatness because the life of a great man has been built into the substance of her life.

But it is not merely our pride in the astonishing development of our College which makes us mourn the loss of Principal Grant. Every student in this University, who has had the privilege of entering into personal contact with him, feels that he has lost in him a friend whose unwearied interest, wise counsels, weighty but kind rebuke when need was, warm encouragement and generous help in more cases than will ever be known, entitled him to no less sacred a name in his relations to his students than that of a second father. May we be indeed his sons and heirs to the immortal part of him, which we hope is destined to prove the enduring heritage of Queen's, to his fearless trust in reason, to his reverence for the old and well-approved, conjoined with openness to the ever expanding revelation of God's truth; above all, to his single-hearted self-sacrificing love and service to our Alma Mater."

#### THANKSGIVING AND RETROSPECT.

(An address to the Students of Queen's, delivered in Convocation Hall on the opening of the second term of the Session, 1901-2, by Principal Grant.)

MY address this evening is to be so personal and autobiographical that to some outsiders it may savour unduly of self-consciousness. My only answer will be that it is addressed primarily not to outsiders but to you; and that you constitute, in a real spiritual sense, my family. This has always been so to a certain extent, and it is more so now than ever, because

the recent illness which threatened to end our earthly relations brought out on your part a warmth, strength and delicacy of affection that affected me profoundly, and will leave a lasting impress on my nature. The same cause brought out from the churches and from the people of Canada and especially of Kingston so generous a recognition of services which had never seemed to me anything but commonplace duties, that it at first bewildered, and then—after emotion had given away to introspection—strengthened, humbled, and I trust purified me. It seems, therefore, due to the public, next to you, that I should express, on the first possible occasion, my grateful obligation for the earnest prayers, loving inquiries, messages and gifts of all kinds appropriate to a sick bed, which were sent to my ward from far and near, and often from unexpected quarters. The only return I can make to you and to those known and unknown friends outside,—after giving hearty thanks to the Giver of all good, to faithful physicians and nurses and to all whose sympathy sweetened the cup I was drinking,—is to narrate honestly—so far as it is possible for an interested party to be strictly honest—how I was led to take the interest in educational, civic and public affairs which have received such wide and unexpected approval, and to state the principles which guided me and which shall guide me to the end of life's journey. Of failures and shortcomings I may not speak. Confessions of weakness and sins are not for the public. Possibly, this retrospect of the last thirty or forty years may be helpful to some, inasmuch as it teaches that neither great scholarship nor brilliant parts are needed to



gain the confidence of others as well as a reasonable measure of success in one's undertakings; that nothing is needed but the possession of old-fashioned qualities which our fathers cultivated and which made them strong; and that above all, the indispensable requisite is that we shall be true to ourselves, that is, to the highest self, true to the light given us in our best moments, regarding right ideals of duty, public and private.

"To thine own self be true—  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

The years 1863-8 were stirring years in the Maritime Provinces especially in Nova Scotia. Large questions almost simultaneously filled the public mind. At first they were, shall we provide free, common schools for all our children or not? and shall our little Province encourage the establishment of a University governed by an independent board of different denominations, or remain content with a number of small and sectarian institutions? But these questions, important in themselves, soon became dwarfed by the infinitely more important one, shall our three Provinces remain separate or shall they form a Maritime Union or even a Confederation with Upper and Lower Canada, and so aim at the formation of a British North American nation? This issue forced every man to whom country was dearer than self to think and to think with all his might. It soon became evident that vested interests were imperilled; that the immediate prosperity of Halifax, the good old city I loved so well, was threatened; and that local feelings, all over the Province, were in favour of our remaining simply Nova Scotians, instead of trying an experi-

ment, the outcome of which no man could foretell. A big country is seldom opposed to uniting with a little one, because it instinctively feels that it can always take care of itself. The opposition always comes from the little state. It was Scotland that objected to union with England. It was Ireland, or Britannia Minor, that objected to union with Britannia Major or Great Britain. Rhode Island was the last of the "old thirteen" B. A. Colonies to accept the Constitution of 1787. Perhaps, the unofficial threats which were feebly made to divide it up between its two nearest neighbors helped to obtain ratification in 1790. The opposition to the formation of the German Empire came not from Prussia but from petty Kingdoms and Duchies. Anti-Confederation sentiment was therefore to be expected in Nova Scotia. How should that popular sentiment be met, and on whom did responsibility rest? My friends said, "Leave the fight to the politicians, for it is their business." No doubt, this does fairly well in ordinary cases. As long as we have the party system, the evolution of a free country is best determined by the wrestling of opposing parties, and what is then most needed is the formation of a quiet, independent vote which expects nothing from either side, but thinks only of the country's interests, and how these are likely to be best promoted by this or that party at different times and seasons, and each man must judge for himself and at his own risk when one of these has come, and whether or not he is called on by imperative duty to speak, write or otherwise act. The proposed Confederation of hitherto independent Prov-

mces, separated by hostile tariffs and many serious natural obstacles was indisputably such a crisis. Every citizen is unconsciously moulded, in his innermost fibres, by the life of the state of which he is a member. It is hard for the average man or woman to rise above the general level. Clergymen have too often been blind to this great social fact. To preach that men should live noble lives and cultivate heroic characters, while the preacher himself is satisfied with belonging to a dependent, ignoble community that has no thought but of selfish pleasure or money-making and no passion save for party triumphs, is not to fulfil the function of a prophet of Israel. Convinced that the time had come for bringing to the birth a nation, with all the potentialities of a great state, and that we dared not let the time go by, I wrote a little and addressed one or two public meetings on the subject; having first counted the cost and come to the conclusion that it would be much less than any man worth his salt should be willing to pay. Of course, if you go down into the arena and fight with the wild beasts, for that is the state to which men are reduced when drunk with party spirit, though they may be total abstainers from strong drink, you must expect some scratches, more or less. But,

"He makes no friend who never made a foe, and if men become angry because a friend speaks out what seems to him—after long pondering—to be vital truth, they—not he—are surely the ones to be blamed. Of course, what increased the difficulty in my case was the general opinion that it did not become a clergyman to have anything to do, publicly at least, with a party question, and more particularly that as

leaders of both parties belonged to my congregation it would lessen my influence to take a side. That was impressed on me, as well as the fact that the feelings of many in the congregation were hurt by reading attacks made on their pastor in the daily and weekly press, and that those natural feelings should be considered. In all this there was truth and consequent duty, but duties are relative, and the less must give way to the more binding. While it would be unfair to speak, on a subject on which there could be honest difference of opinion, from a pulpit or platform where no one had the right to reply, it is always different with public meetings or the public press. Not that this is acknowledged by angry men. "Mr.— is not coming to church, one of the elders said to me in an icy tone, because he is offended at you for having spoken in Fictou in favour of Confederation." "Has it not occurred to you that I may be offended, because he has spoken against Confederation?" I replied. This point of view was so novel that a puzzled look was the only response. "Tell him," I resumed, "that I am not at all offended, and that he has too much good sense to deny me the freedom which he himself takes." Both men, it may be added, remained members of the congregation. But I experienced then what I have experienced since, that good men often deny liberty of expression on subjects, on which they feel keenly, to those whom they profess to esteem and whom they would admit to be as wise and as unselfish as themselves. To submit to this intolerance by always keeping silent in face of it is sheer cowardice, and unfortunately most men are cowards;

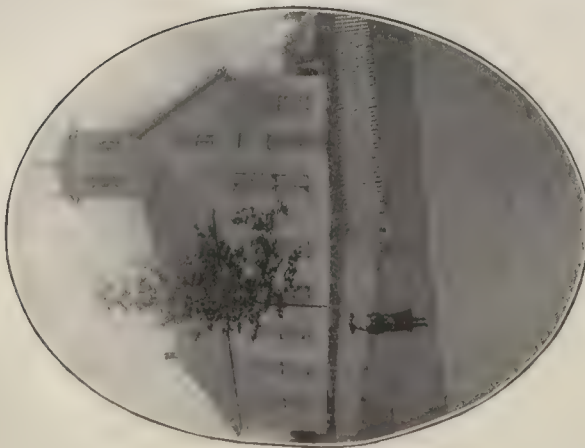
not physically, so far at any rate as our race is concerned, but morally. Fear of taking the unpopular side, fear of the press, fear even of poor old Mrs. Grundy, is the bane of democracy, whether the democracy be an ecclesiastical or a political community. You will never know how little real harm man's breath can inflict, until you disregard it and do your duty. This does not mean that the minority is always right or that you may not be deficient in common sense, though possessed of courage. To be always in the minority may only prove that you are a crank or what neighbors call, "a fool reformer." Nor does it mean that you may not suffer temporary and possibly serious loss for doing your duty. But better suffer loss, even of all the kingdoms of the world, than lose yourself. You are of more value than anything external, for you yourself are eternal heaven or hell. A soldier ought to fight as a private, when fighting is going on, if he cannot get a commission; and fight on foot if unhorsed. Like Widdrington, he will fight "on his stumps," when he can do no better. And he will do all, not of constraint, but in the spirit of Chaucer's "verray perfert gentil Knight," or Wordsworth's "happy warrior." As regards myself, if the peace of the congregation required it, I resolved to go back to the charge I had regretfully left, and where on a salary of \$500 nothing had been lacking; or—should that door be closed—to some other of the dozen places where honest work is called for. I had not sought my position. It had sought me. Indeed, suffer me to say that I have never sought any position, place, preferment or honour; though when offered, I considered whether there might not be

greater pride in refusing than in accepting; just as the pride of Diogenes in trampling on Plato's carpets with his muddy boots was infinitely greater than Plato's. But, money or place is never for one moment to be put in the scales against self-respect.

What though on hamely fare we dine,  
Wear hoddens gray and a' that,  
Gie fools their silks and knaves their wine  
We dare be poor for a' that.

Burns did not object to silks or wines. He only objected to paying too much for the one luxury or the other. My resolution however was not known to any one. There was no need; for my Halifax congregation never threatened my independence for a moment. So has it been my fortune ever since, for which, *laus Deo!*

The main elements in the Confederation question were simple, provided it was borne in mind that it may be more sinful to do nothing than to take risks in doing something. If we were to rise into nationhood, what could we do but unite with our sister Provinces? What else could the old thirteen colonies do, when political and social chaos, after the Revolutionary War, forced the Convention of 1878 to meet? Dual races and languages presented a difficulty in our case, but similar difficulties had not proved insuperable elsewhere, while unity of language and race had not prevented civil war in England, in Germany, in France, and in the United States. Welshmen generally speak Welsh, while Irishmen speak English, but which of the two countries presents a grave political problem? Three languages on the same footing in Switzerland do not hinder the Swiss Confederation from being effective. It may be, too, that as a Celt myself I was more attracted than the Saxon is



#### ST. GEORGE'S KIRK.

River John, Pictou County, Nova Scotia.

Here Principal Grant labored as a missionary after his return from Scotland. The church was built during his term of office and after his departure was called St. George's Kirk in remembrance of him.



ST. MATTHEW'S CHURCH, HALIFAX.

likely to be by the history and the character of the *habitant*, and felt that he would contribute to the common stock picturesque and even heroic elements that Upper Canadians needed. But, the one decisive consideration was, what else could we do? There the *habitant* was, there he had been from the first, there he intended to remain; and the more generously his rights were recognized the sooner would fusion take place. Further, the entering on such a union meant that it must be preserved, and that politicians standing on provincial prejudices must always be considered enemies of the Commonwealth. There was my first principle of political action;—British North America must unite and must resolutely and patiently cultivate a union of hearts and of interests. The Maritime Provinces had no more right to deny to the interior Provinces an ocean frontage and a maritime element to their population than Quebec, because it held the mouth of the St. Lawrence, would have the right to deny to Ontario freedom to freely navigate the river. Each for all and all for each, must be our motto. The time for action, too, had come, and though party and selfish interests demanded delay, these had to be subordinated to the common good. So I stood against my old political mentor, Howe, and on the side of Tupper, for Confederation, as I had stood by him in his common school and University policy. The Opposition, naturally enough, explained my action by calling me a dyed-in-the-wool Tory!

My second fundamental political principle flowed from the first. For the good of Canada and its own and the world's good, the British Empire

must form an effective union. Here, too, difficulties which seem to pessimists insuperable present themselves, for the nobler the organism the more formidable its enemies and dangers. All life is a battle, but only in overcoming these is character formed and life made complete. Separated from Britain, Canada would necessarily be always dependent on the United States, and wishing to honour and admire our neighbors—as well we may—we must meet them as equals. But we shall be their equals, only when we share the burdens and responsibilities as well as the privileges and glory of the Empire. It may take long to bring this about, although it has come so much nearer of late that you, young men, need not despair of seeing the full realization of the glorious ideal. At the present moment our position is not one to be proud of. From a war,—to the justice of which our Parliament had unnecessarily pledged itself, while both sides were engaged in peaceful negotiations; the justice of which has been repeatedly affirmed by the Prime Minister and Parliament; and in which we took active part enthusiastically at the outset,—we have quietly withdrawn, leaving the enormous cost in blood and treasure to be borne by the senior partner. True, we are permitting a few hundreds to be recruited for service, but on conditions that make our position more deplorable than ever. We are not to pay a cent of the cost! We give the bravest of our children to die by the bullet or still deadlier enteric; but some one else must pay their wages. We do not grudge the blood of our sons, but with a treasury so full that we can go on paying billions for bounties and bonuses to develop resources

which are said to be the richest in the world,—we grudge food, clothing and transport for them. Let "the weary Titan" bearing on her back all the common burdens of the Empire in peace and war be at this charge also. Let Canada accept the blood money without a blush. This state of things cannot continue. The Empire must be practically as well as nominally united. That principle I continue to hold as axiomatic, if we are a nation in any sense; I might say, if we are honest men, in any sense.

In 1872, Sandford Fleming—now Sir Sandford—our Chancellor,—best of friends even then—invited me to accompany him from Ocean to Ocean across Canada, as secretary of the expedition he was forming to ascertain the feasibility of a Canadian Pacific Railway. The rugged wilderness to the north of Lakes Huron and Superior had been declared "impracticable for Railroads" on maps executed by enterprising Down-Easters and bought by ourselves, because there were no other maps of our own country to buy; Captain Palliser had declared that there was no pass through our Rocky Mountains fit for a Road; and the testimony as to "The fertile belt" was most conflicting. This journey resolved the uneasy doubt in my mind as to whether or not Canada had a future; for, from the day we left Collingwood till we reached Victoria, the great possibilities of our great Northland impressed us. Not only was a route found for a Railway, better in many respects than the one subsequently adopted, to save a few miles in distance, at ten times the cost in short curves, steep gradients and semi-arid districts, but the resources of the boundless "lone land"—for

New Ontario and British Columbia as well as the North-West were entitled to that name—could fairly be described as illimitable. My first book gave Canadians my impressions concerning our inheritance, but it and some lectures on the subject aroused the wrath of those who saw in them an insidious attempt to "boom" Confederation, and saw in me simply an agent of Sir John A. Macdonald. This was rather hard on Sir John; for whatever his sins, he knew nothing of me. We were perfect strangers, and his past career was quite unknown to me; for prior to Confederation we had no relations with Upper or Lower Canada. But "party is war," declared Sir Richard Cartwright, and "war is hell," said General Sherman. If we are doomed to live forever under these conditions, it is rather a poor look-out for humanity. But, it is some alleviation to reflect that there are many hells. Sherman himself preferred the inferno of war to the inferno of a divided country.

I shall always be grateful for that journey of 1872. I have had faith, especially in the North-West, ever since, although high authorities in Winnipeg then assured us that the country was "no good." Some of the inhabitants, Americans in particular, told us they had been there for five, ten or twenty years, and had never seen a good crop. Archbishop Tache—one of the best of men—had no faith in its future. He told us that when Sir George Cartier urged him to direct the overflow of Quebec to its rich valleys and plains, he had refused. "How could I advise my countrymen to come," he said to me, "against my own convictions?" The half-breeds, who were then the bulk of the popula-

tion, depended for a living on the buffalo and on freighting, and the buffalo were being rapidly exterminated by Winchesters. Cereals! Ah! think of the early frosts, the floods, the droughts, the grasshoppers! To all which tales we turned deaf ears. In what country are there no difficulties, which resolute pioneers must overcome?

Since that journey, I have never doubted the future of Canada. Sorely despoiled in the east, the centre and the west by treaties, it is notwithstanding a land bounded on three sides by three oceans and on the fourth by the watershed of the continent. Room there surely for expansion! Of course, the treaty-makers, acting for us while privately professing absolute scepticism as to the possibility of our remaining a country distinct from the United States, received peerages and such like rewards for their services! Fortunately, since the treaty of Washington, we have entered on a new era. The responsibility on our part is all the greater; for, as George Washington told his countrymen, "the nation that is not prepared to resist aggression, invites it." While assured of the future of Canada, let us always deprecate "raw haste" in its up-building. A country is great, not from the number but the quality of its people. Let our governments recall the agents who are paid to bring to us any and every kind of immigrants. We have as many people of strange languages as we can digest. Our best settlers are our own children, and those who come to us from the south of their own accord. We should, however, always welcome those who have suffered for conscience sake. They are sure to be a good stock.

In 1815, the union of the four churches which constitute the Presbyterian Church of Canada took place. Here, also, the opposition came from the smaller churches, and most violently from the smallest, the one to which I belonged. No principle was at stake; no question now of tariff or possible financial disturbance; and evidently the work of establishing the ordinances of religion over half a continent could be done better by united action than by continued dissipation of our feeble resources. But these considerations availed nothing against timidity and the memory of old feuds, and we had either to abandon the proposed union, or to see our Synod broken into two and to part from old friends and fellow-workers, some of whom regarded us as traitors to them and to our past. Sorrowfully we chose the latter alternative, the hours of decision being perhaps the bitterest some of us ever knew. In this case, too, time has vindicated the principle of union. There are no anti-confederates to-day, though in Nova Scotia at any rate, it was the popular creed in the sixties. Imperial union was scoffed at then everywhere. It was a "fad," and its advocates dreamers of "a lawn tennis party." Now every one in Great Britain and in all "the British Dominions beyond the seas" is an imperialist of some kind. The most statesmanlike words on the subject have been uttered by the Premier of Canada. So with the union of the four churches. We have celebrated our Silver Jubilee, and the only notes heard were of thanksgiving, congratulation, and a larger hope. But, if it was so difficult to effect the union of churches having a common ancestry and history, the same con-

fession of faith, the same discipline, rules and ritual, how long will it take to effect the union of Christendom, or to create an organized church of Canada! We must have patience, patience, always of course combined with faith. The Church of Canada will come. In the things of the spirit, however, a thousand years are as one day but, also, in the fulness of time, one day is as a thousand years. Time has no place in the vision of the Eternal. All that we have a right to ask for now are non-interference with each other's work, mutual and cordial recognition and co-operation wherever practicable. Along these lines resistance will be least and eventually union will come, and in its great day our descendants will marvel that their fathers were so wedded to prejudices, so blind to the perspective of truth, and so deaf to the command of their Lord.

In 1877, I was invited to leave my native province and to come to Ontario as Principal of Queen's. This unexpected call demanded careful consideration of my position. As a practical man, I had always contended that it was a waste for Nova Scotia to spend on half a dozen small colleges the little it gave for higher education, instead of concentrating its efforts, so as to have an institution fit to compete with McGill, Toronto or Harvard. I also believed that the highest university ideal was not government by a denomination, but self-government, and that on Boards of Governors only public and educational interests should be represented. But clearly Ontario needed more than one University, were it only to save the one from the blight which Napoleon's centralized University of France with

the suppression of the old universities, brought upon higher education in that country; and Queen's, from its location, traditions, and freedom from denominational control seemed particularly fitted to be the second, and of all the more value to the Province from its distinctiveness of type. Another consideration influenced me powerfully. Vehement discussions over a so-called "heresy" case had deepened the old lines of division in the church; and had Queen's been obliged to close its doors from lack of sufficiently generous aid, the union, from which so much spiritual good was anticipated, would have been imperilled. Duty seemed to me clear, though it was hard to pull myself up by the roots, and though many of its friends assured me of their doubts whether Queen's could survive, without visible means of support, against the overwhelming competition to which it would be subjected from the east and the west. I accepted the call, keeping my own doubts to myself; and before twelve months had passed, all doubts had vanished. Surely never was Principal blessed with a Chancellor so true, a staff so rich though few in number, a body of students so animated by zeal for Alma Mater, and trustees, graduates and benefactors so willing—often out of deep poverty—to make sacrifices as often as called upon.

As the silver jubilee of the Church drew near the conviction grew strong within me that the work of the university in helping to preserve the union was no longer needed; that its nominal connection with the General Assembly was of little or no service to either; and that the time had come to make Queen's by statute as completely national as it had been in fact



for many years. I presented this view to the trustees who generally concurred with it, and instructed me to submit it to the Assembly. The venerable court, without a dissenting voice, also concurred in the principle; and appointed a committee to assist in every way as regards details. The corporation was summoned, by advertisement in the *Record* of the Church, to meet and pronounce on the question. The University Council and it were of one mind. The Assembly's committee presented its report last June, and it was unanimously adopted. The way is now clear for legislative action; and the trustees at their next annual meeting will consider carefully what changes in the Constitution are needed to adapt Queen's to its new position as the public and undenominational University of Eastern Ontario in particular, and of Canada in general.

Of my work here for more than twenty-four years I need say nothing more. It has been done in the public eye, and my recent illness has enabled me to learn that in the estimation of the public it has not been wholly unfruitful as regards the country's best interests; while your action this very session shows your views of my aims and endeavours in a light so clear that all men will see, and shows at the same time your consciousness that the University has inspired and enriched your natures, so giving you what money can neither give nor take away.

This rapid sketch of my career for nearly forty years has been made to impress upon you who are beginning life this one lesson, that the road to the only success which satisfies is through singleness of eye and from a deep-rooted conviction that we owe

to the community unselfish service, altogether apart from the question of whether the community is or is not grateful. If I have done any good, this is the explanation:

"For in me there dwells  
No greatness, save it be some far-off touch"  
Of greatness to know well I am not great.

You have now the secret, and God grant that many of you turn it to good use.

The outer frame-work of the Canadian nation has been almost completed, but the question presses on us 'what kind of a nation is it to be'? Is it to be a huge "city of pigs," to use Plato's phrase; or is it to be a land of high-souled men and women, and so a land to be loved wherever its people roam. Judging by the general tone of the public press, I for one am often saddened beyond the power of words to express. The ideals presented to us are increase of population—no matter what its quality or what the general standard of living and thinking, and increase of wealth—no matter how obtained or how saved, whether by sponging on the Mother Country or grovelling at the feet of multi-millionaires. It is little wonder that the average tone of our people corresponds to these ideals. What threatens the life of Canada most seriously? Not, as many suppose, the drink traffic, the evils of which have been intensified by the remedies zeal without knowledge urges and by immoral proposals to abolish it without compensating those who under the sanction of law have invested their all in a lawful business. No! rather the uncleanness, which does not show itself on the streets; the vulgar and insolent materialism of thought and life, which is eating into the heart of our people, and which ex-

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

GEORGE MONRO GRANT DD.L.L.D.C.M.G

BORN IN ROYAL SCOTLAND DEC. 22<sup>ND</sup> 1835

PRINCIPAL OF THIS UNIVERSITY FROM 1877 TILL HIS DEATH MAY 10 1902

Author, Lecturer, Speaker, and Administrator he was eminent alike in the educational world in the Church and in public affairs. His ready character fearless love of truth and untiring devotion to Queen's University were a constant inspiration to its Students. Under his wise guidance the University prospered greatly having grown from one single building to six hundred six forming the most complete and having increased three fold its teaching staff and six fold the number of its Students.

"SI MONUMENTUM REQUIRIS CIRCUMSPICE"

H M S P

presses itself even in a language used at school-boards and in an aggressive commercialism which penetrates to the innermost courts of the sanctuary; contempt for and evasion of law, which is aggravated by "brass mouths and iron lungs" demanding laws which are in advance of, and hinder, instead of furthering the growth of law within; slavery to and self-seeking in party machines, and the corruption and insincerity of political leaders who plead in their defence that they dare not go too far in advance of the people; haste to be rich, mutual distrust instead of hearty co operation between employers and employed; a readiness on the part of labour to take an unfair advantage of capital when it sees a good chance, and a still greater willingness on the part of capital to treat the labourer as a "hand" and not as a partner; a growing distrust of the church by the masses, and a growing tendency in the church to put its trust in external things which can always be measured by statistics instead of in those spiritual ideas of which it is the professed custodian, and the influence of which no statistics can measure: these and kindred evils threaten the life of the soul, and were essentially the evils denounced by Him who saw into the heart and who ate with publicans and sinners as a friend and brother. Wealth may ruin, but it cannot save a nation. A nation is saved by ideas; and in these Canada is barren, even as compared with the United States. A story—true or false—has recently gone the round of the newspapers. According to it, General Gordon told Cecil Rhodes that the Chinese Government offered him a room full of silver, as a reward for suppressing the Tai-ping rebellion, and that he had

declined to take anything but his regular pay. On the latter expressing expressing astonishment, Gordon asked what he would have done? "Taken it of course; what's the good of having big ideas, if you have not the means to carry them out?" was the answer. Probably, nine out of ten Canadians would agree with Rhodes; and yet his view of things was superficial and fundamentally false. It may be asked, what then did Gordon accomplish? He convinced Chinese statesmen that a man is unpurchaseable, and that there are spiritual forces beyond their horizon; so convinced fanatical Soudanese and Arabs that the Christian faith is something beyond the faith for which they rush on death that for him, alone of all "unbelievers," prayers were recited in Mecca; and given an uplift and inspiration to countless numbers of the English speaking race, the effects of which cannot be computed. This was the work of one whom the world called "a failure." Which of the two attracts you, my young friends? The power of wealth or the power of ideas? The seen or the unseen? Which are the true foundation and forces of national life? Which will you serve? According to the answer which the mass of Canadian students give will be the future of Canada.

I have spoken of thanksgiving and retrospect. But, the past is behind us. May I speak of a vision which has been given to me of the future? I see our University, strong in your love, an ever increasing power for good; our country purging itself of dross and pressing forward to be in the van of the world's battle; our Empire, as of old, dispenser of justice to all under its flag, and champion of lib-

erty, civil, religious, intellectual and commercial, everywhere; and our common humanity struggling up into the light, slowly but surely, realizing its unity and accomplishing its mis-

sion to establish the Kingdom of God upon earth. This is my hope, the one thing I ask of you—Never despair of the triumph of truth and goodness. To despair is to deny God.



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Matinee and Evening.

The great Melo-drama

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America's Greatest Play.

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A Perfect Cast and Production. 500 Nights in New York. 300 Nights in Chicago. 300 Nights in London. Now in 4th Year in America. Now in 2nd Year in England.

**Tuesday, December 2nd**

A Very Pretty Story of Texas Life.

**"The Scout's Revenge"**

A strong play that will keep its auditors in either tears or laughter from the rise to the final fall of the curtain. Presented by an excellent cast of players and a carload of special scenery.

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A picturesque drama of western life. First time here.

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## Educational Department Calendar

### December :

1. Last day for appointment of School Auditors by Public and Separate School Trustees.  
Municipal Clerk to transmit to County Inspector statement showing whether or not any county rate for Public School purposes has been placed upon Collector's roll against any Separate School supporter.
9. Returning Officers named by resolution of Public School Board.  
Last day for Public and Separate School Trustees to fix places for nomination of Trustees.
10. County Model Schools Examination begin.
13. Local assessment to be paid Separate School Trustees.
15. County Model Schools close.  
Municipal Council to pay Secretary-Treasurer of Public School Boards all sums levied and collected in township.  
County Councils to pay Treasurer of High Schools.
17. Written Examinations at Provincial Normal Schools begin.  
Practical Examinations at Provincial Normal Schools.
22. High Schools first term, and Public and Separate Schools close.  
Provincial Normal Schools close (Second Session).
25. CHRISTMAS DAY.  
Last day for notice of formation of new school sections to be posted by Township Clerk.  
High School Treasurer to receive all moneys collected for permanent improvements.  
New Schools and alterations of School boundaries go into operation or take effect.  
By-law for disestablishment of Township Boards takes effect.
30. Reports of Principals of County Model Schools to Department, due.  
Reports of Boards of Examiners on Third Class Professional Examinations to Department, due.
31. Annual meetings of Public and Separate Schools.  
Protestant Separate School Trustees to transmit to County inspector names and attendance during the last preceding six months.  
Trustee's Reports to Truant Officer, due.  
Auditors' Reports of cities, towns and incorporated villages to be published by Trustees.

*N.B.—Departmental Examination Papers for past years may be obtained from the Carswell Publishing Company, No. 30 Adelaide Street, E., Toronto.*



# GRAND TRUNK

## RAILWAY SYSTEM

The Great International Route between the East and West. The Favorite Route to

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Kingston,  
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Ticket Agt., Montreal.

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**VISIT** the big Novelty Store and see the display. The newest, nobbiest and most up-to-date candy counter in the city. 68 varieties to choose from. See the swell lines that we show at 10c. and 20c. a pound, just about one half the usual price.

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This Company transacts life insurance exclusively.

|                                   |       |                 |
|-----------------------------------|-------|-----------------|
| Invested Funds,                   | - - - | \$8,200,000.00. |
| Annual Income,                    | - - - | 1,700,000.00.   |
| Claims paid during 1901,          | - - - | 550,000.00.     |
| Endowments matured and paid 1901, | - - - | 100,000.00.     |

In 10 years the Premium income has increased \$500,000.00 and the invested funds have doubled. Deposit with Dominion Government for the security of Canadian policy holders exceeds \$2,000,000.00. It is a progressive up-to-date company paying ninety per cent. of its earnings to policy holders on the with profit plan. Forty years doing business in Canada. Nearly \$5,000,000.00 of new business is written annually.

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N.B.—This year, 1902, will be the close of the Quinquennium.

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Manufacturers of Doors, Sash, Blinds and all descriptions of Wooden Building Materials, Railway Ties, Telegraph Poles, Shingles, Posts. Dealers in Coal, Salt, &c. Sole Sales Agents of the Canadian Portland Cement Company. Manufacturers of the best cements.

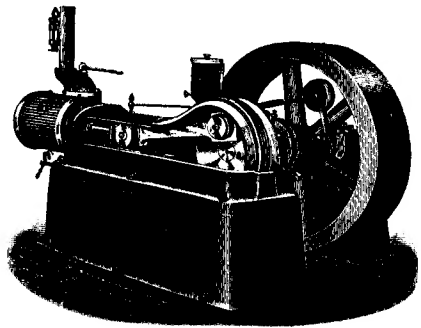
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## The Bay of Quinte Railway

New Short line for Tweed, Napanee, Deseronto and all local points.

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